

GOLD

CAVE KIDS

12c

HANNA-BARBERA

CAVE KIDS

with PEBBLES and BAMM-BAMM

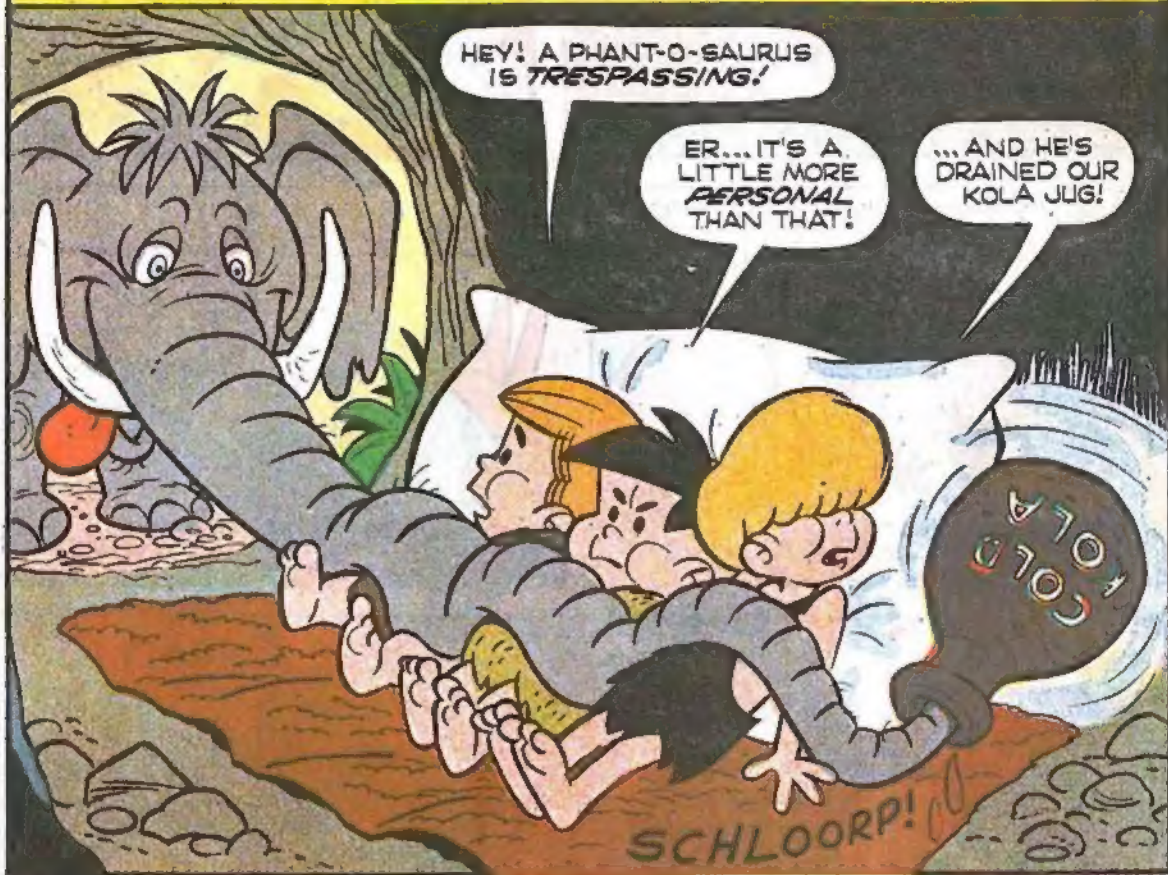
10044-609
SEPTEMBER



TIME FLIES WHEN THE CAVE KIDS TRY TO CATCH
THE KOOKY CUCKOO-SAURUS BIRD!

Hanna-Barbara
CAVE KIDS

THE CUCKOO-SAURUS CAPER



HEY! A PHANT-O-SAURUS IS TRESPASSING!

ER... IT'S A LITTLE MORE PERSONAL THAN THAT!

... AND HE'S DRAINED OUR KOLA JUG!

SCHLOORP!



SHOO!

SCAT!

... AND NEVER DARKEN OUR DOOR AGAIN!

10044-609
CAVE KIDS #M-446

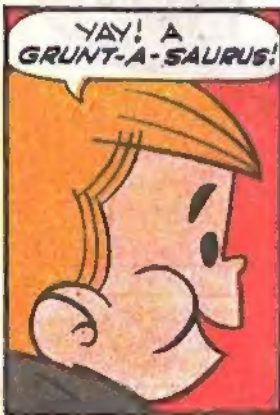


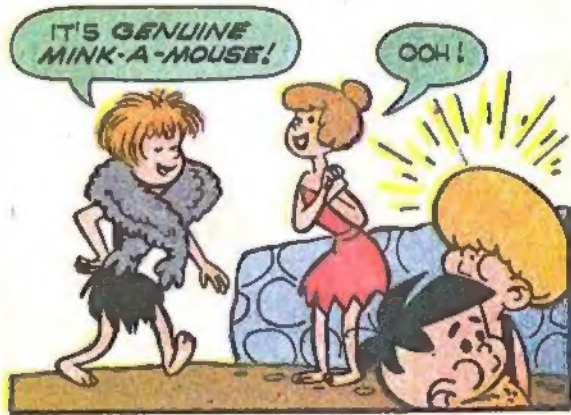
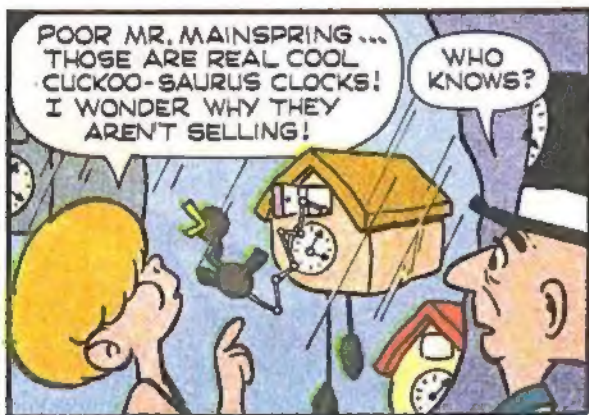
YESTERDAY A SNOOPSCERUS GOBBLED OUR LUNCH!

THERE'S ALWAYS SOME CRITTER RAIDING OUR CAVE!

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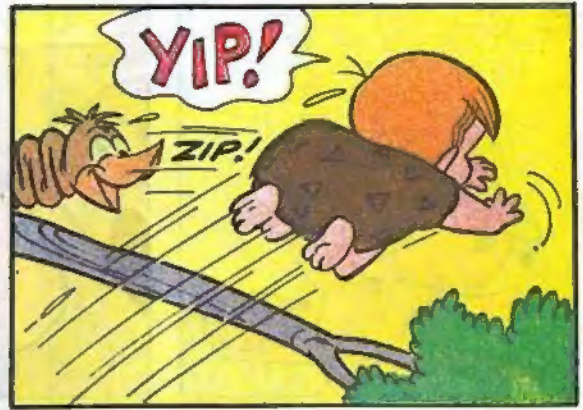






CUCKOO!

HEH! HERE'S OUR FIRST CATCH, MEN...



YIP!

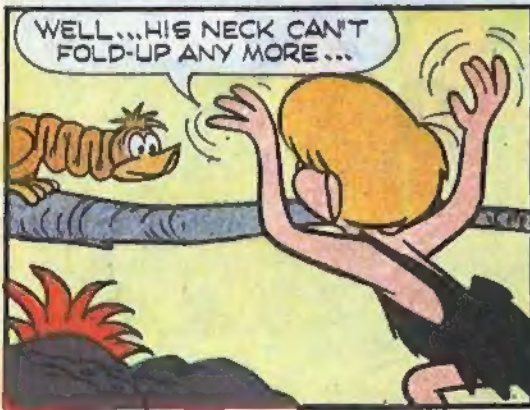
ZIP!



THONK!

PLONK!

OH-OH! THAT CUCKOO-SAURUS FOLDED UP HIS NECK... AND BUDDY BASHED A BEEHIVE DOWN!



WELL... HIS NECK CAN'T FOLD-UP ANY MORE...



CUCKOO!

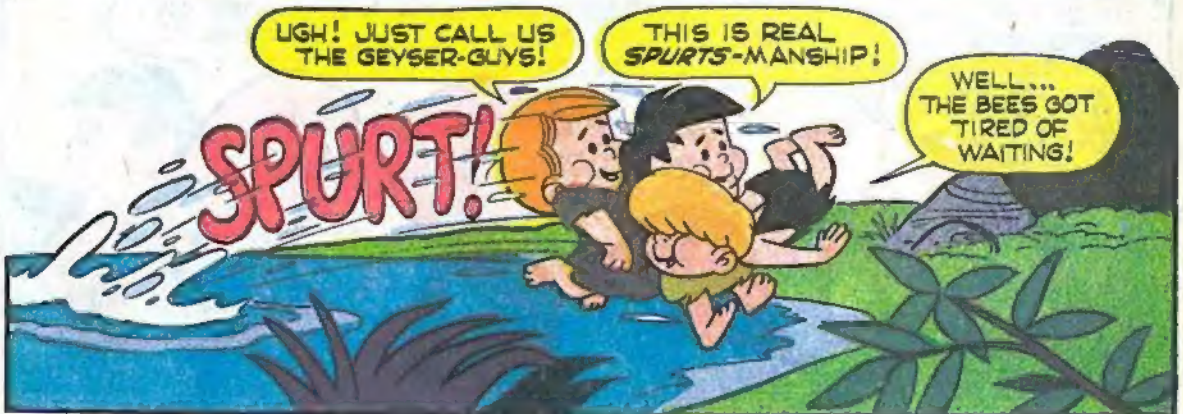
HOOF!

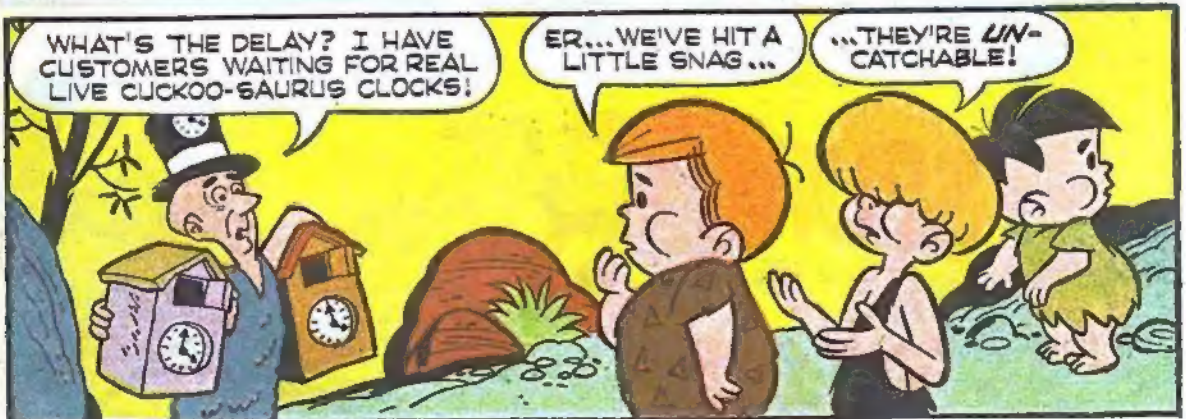
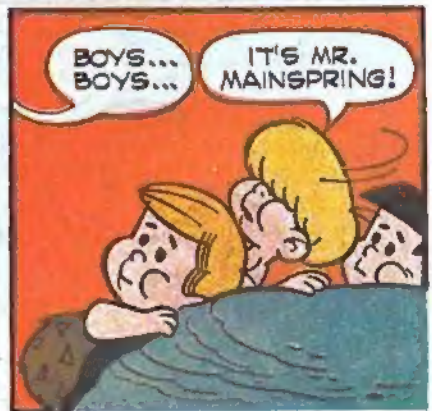


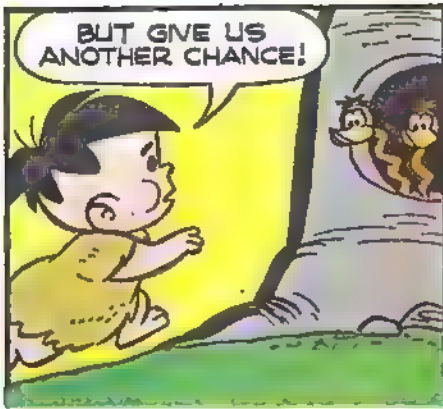
C'MON, FELLAS... THE BEES MEAN BEES-NESS!!

WE'LL BE SAFE SUBMERGED IN THAT BOG! TAKE A DEEP BREATH!

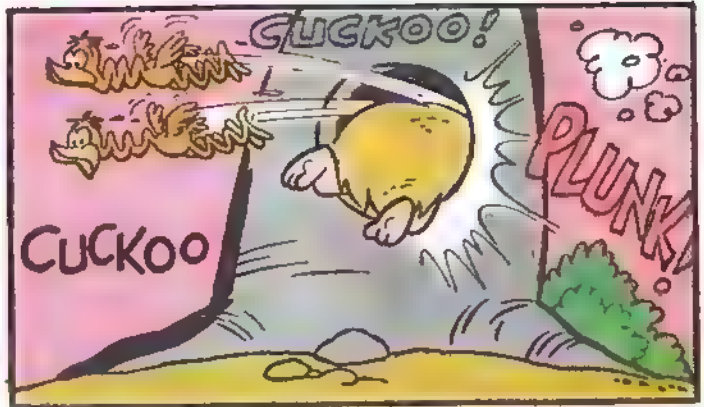
Bzzzz!







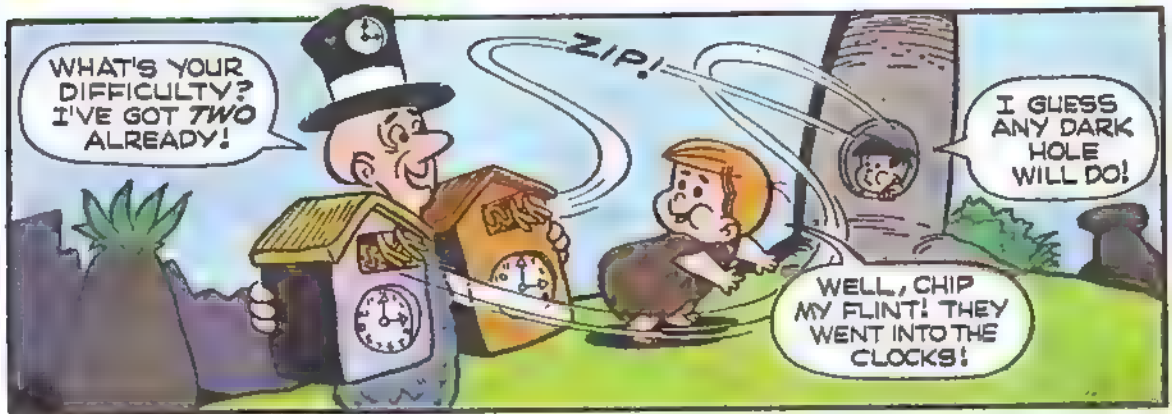
BUT GIVE US ANOTHER CHANCE!



CUCKOO!

CUCKOO

PLUNK!

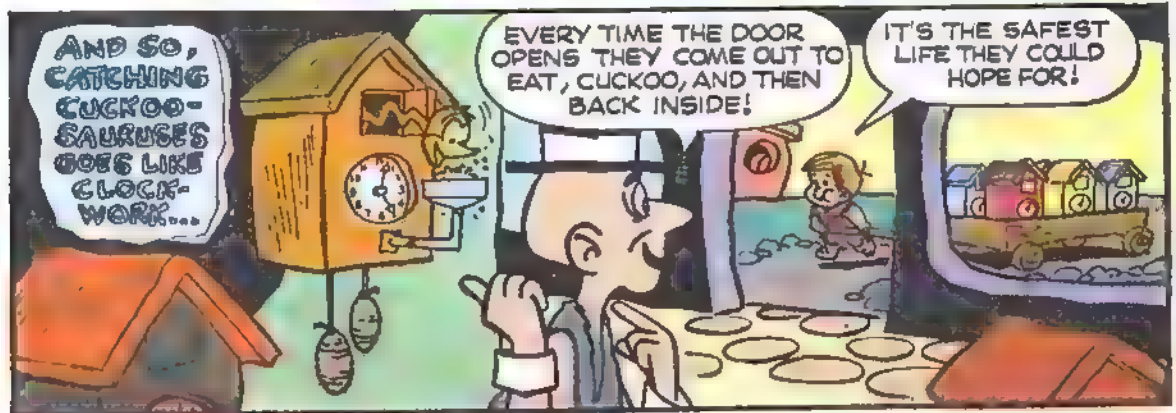


WHAT'S YOUR DIFFICULTY? I'VE GOT TWO ALREADY!

ZIP!

I GUESS ANY DARK HOLE WILL DO!

WELL, CHIP MY FLINT! THEY WENT INTO THE CLOCKS!



AND SO, CATCHING CUCKOO-SAURUSES GOES LIKE CLOCK-WORK...

EVERY TIME THE DOOR OPENS THEY COME OUT TO EAT, CUCKOO, AND THEN BACK INSIDE!

IT'S THE SAFEST LIFE THEY COULD HOPE FOR!



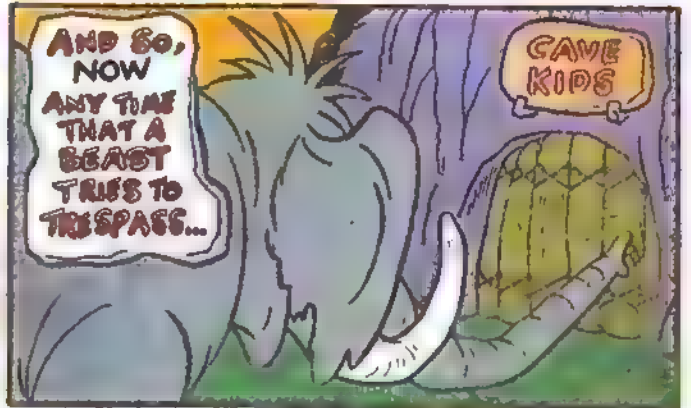
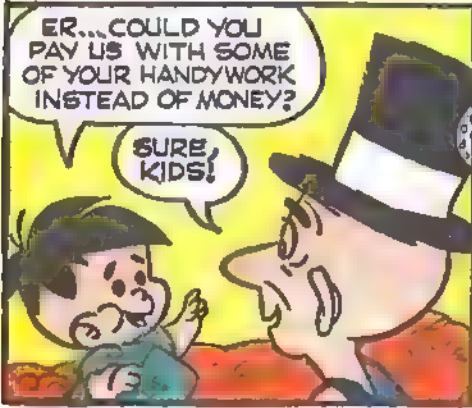
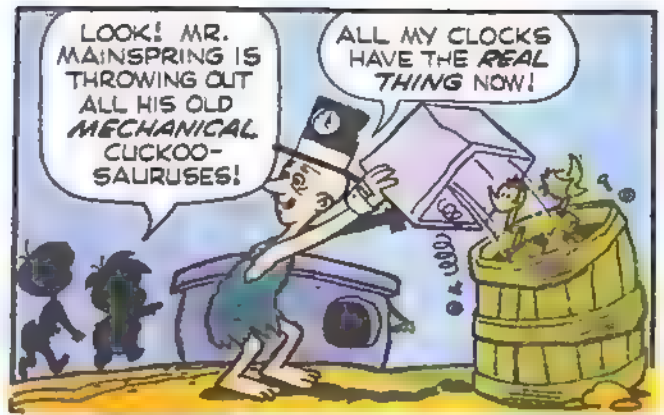
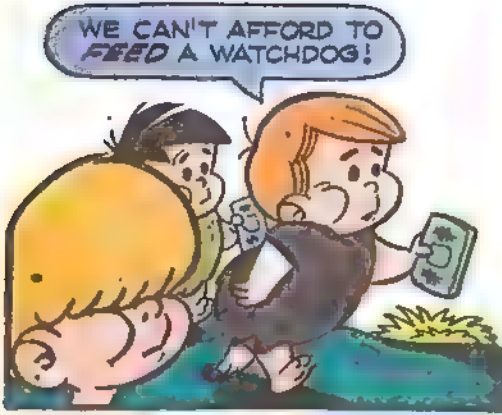
AND NOW WE'VE EARNED ENOUGH TO BUY A WATCHDOG FOR OUR CAVE!



BUT...

THIS ONE ONLY EATS 100 POUNDS OF BARBECUED SAURUS PER DAY!

ER...NO, THANKS!



Hanna-Barbera

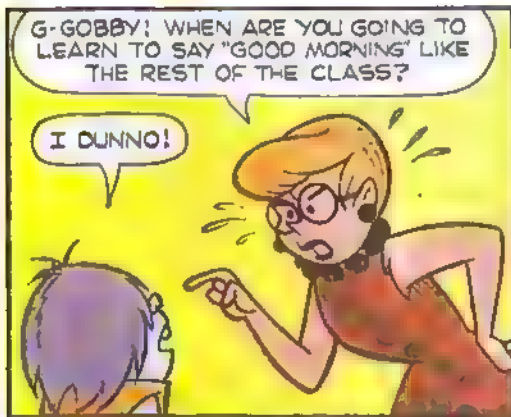
THE GRUESOMES **TEACHER'S REGRET**



Gobby Gruesome is a fun-loving fellow...

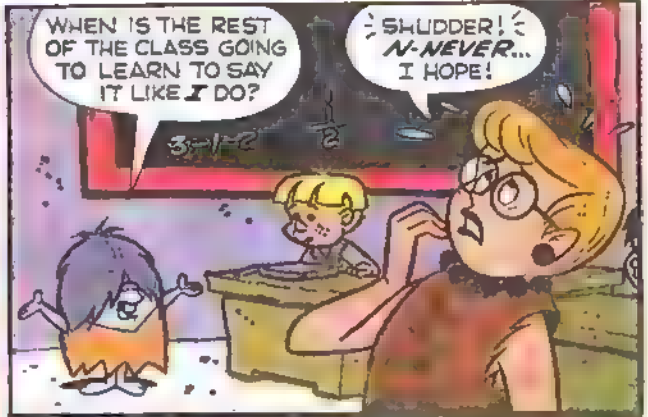
EEYAHAAHAA!

EEK!!



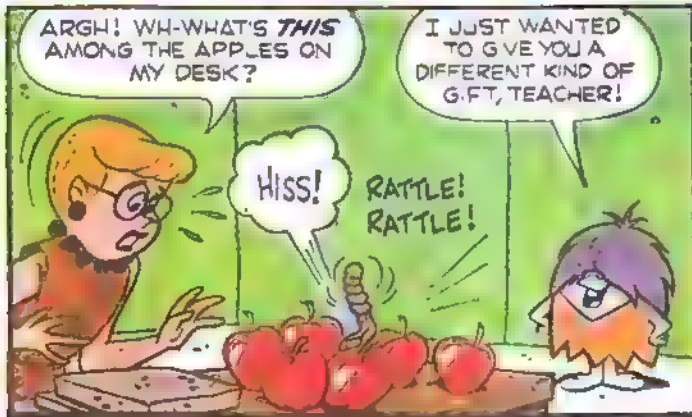
G-Gobby! When are you going to learn to say "GOOD MORNING" like the rest of the class?

I dunno!



When is the rest of the class going to learn to say it like I do?

SHUDDER!
N-NEVER... I HOPE!



ARGH! WH-WHAT'S *THIS* among the apples on my desk?

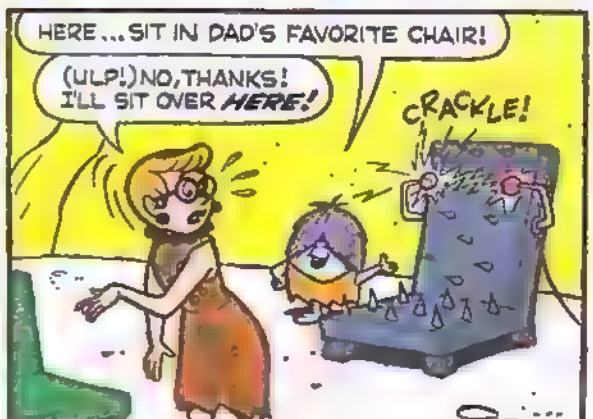
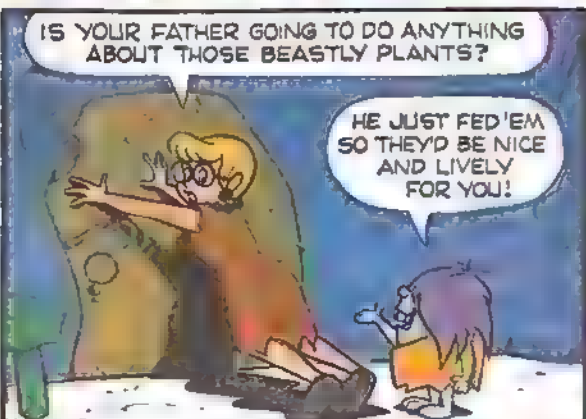
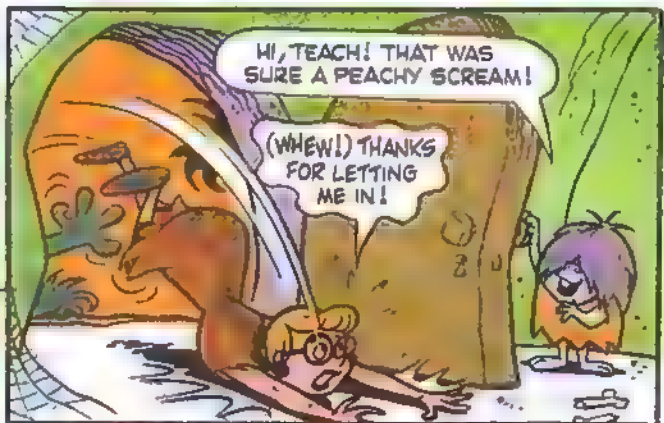
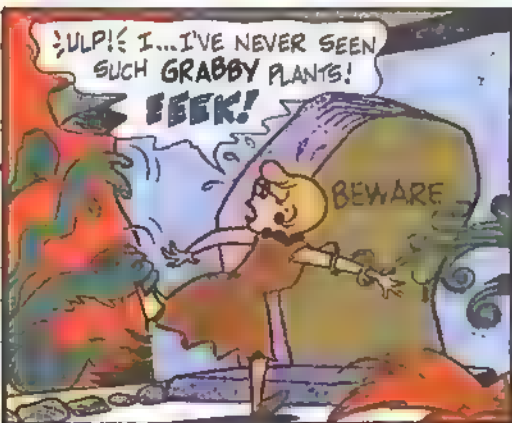
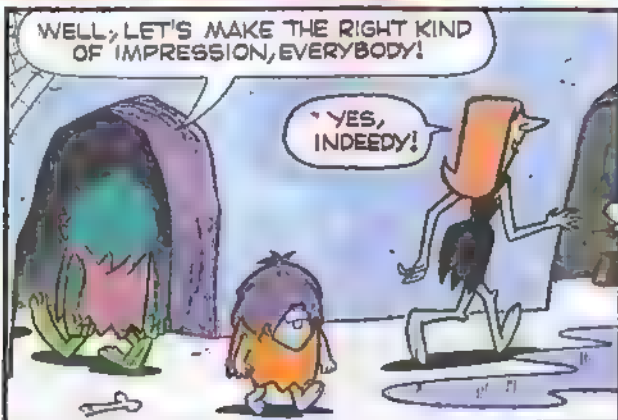
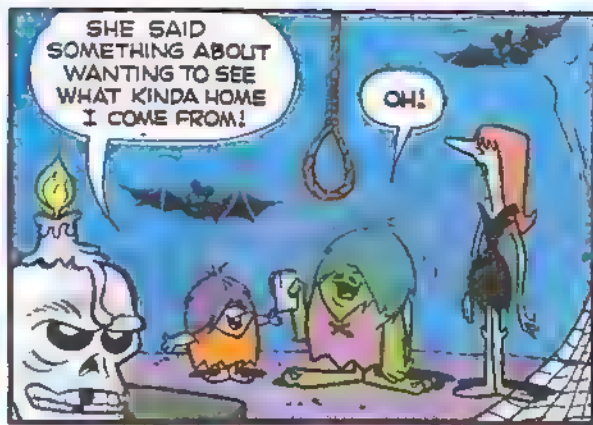
I just wanted to give you a different kind of G.F.T, teacher!

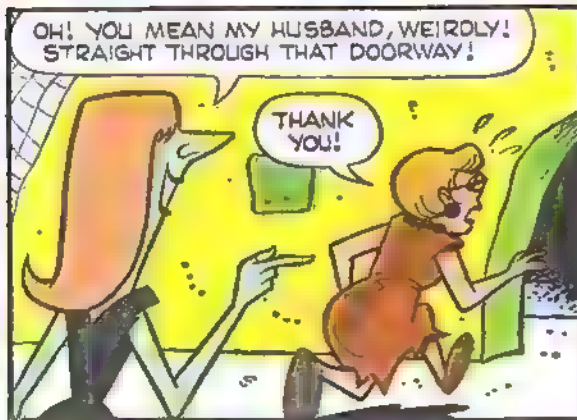
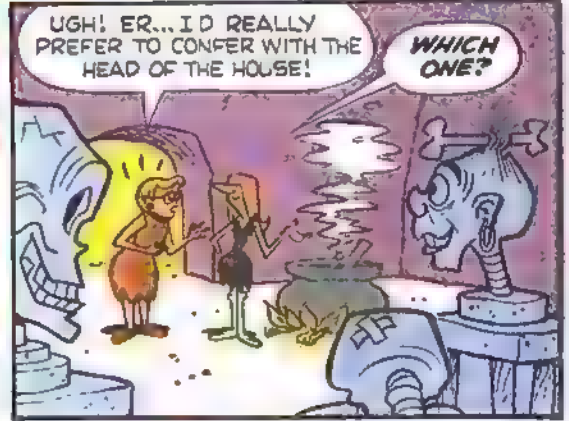
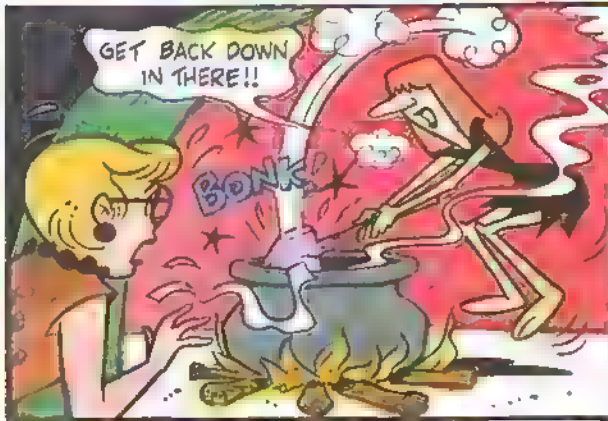
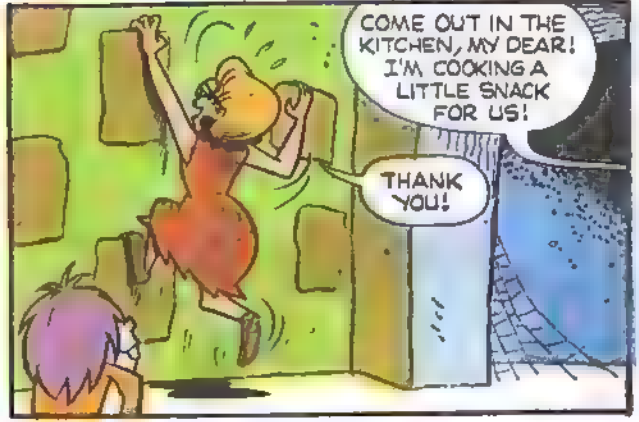
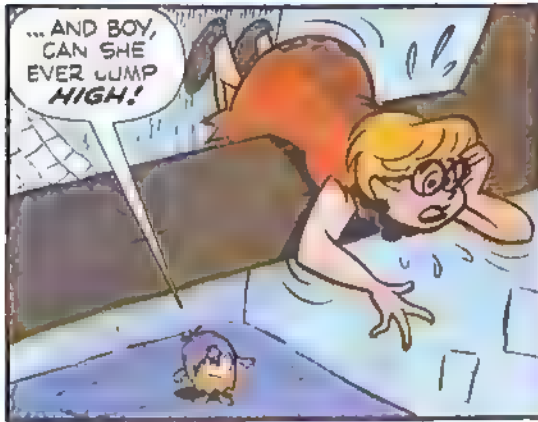
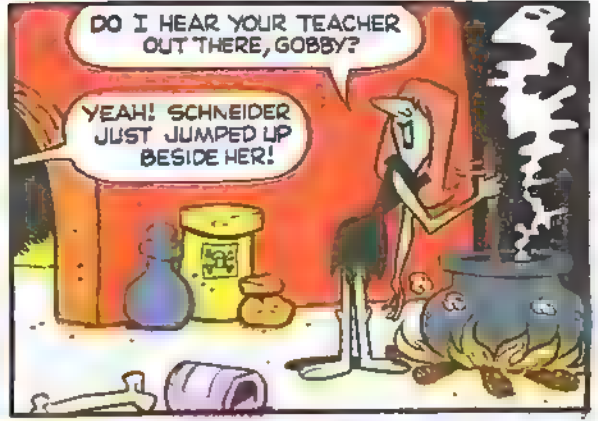
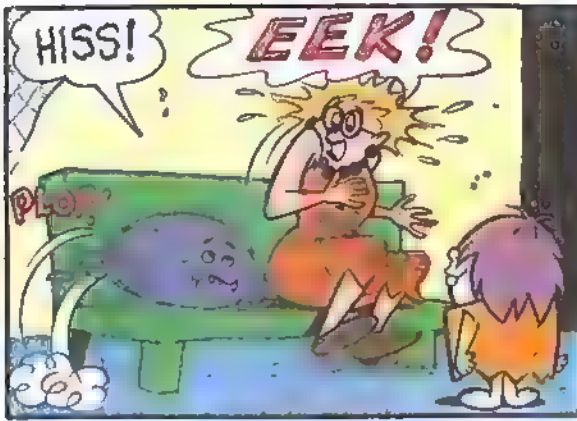
HISS! RATTLE! RATTLE!

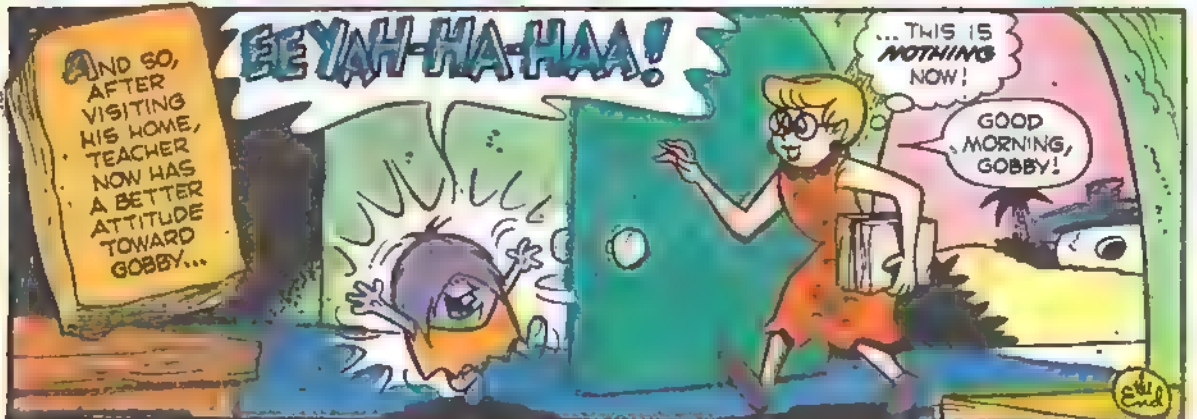
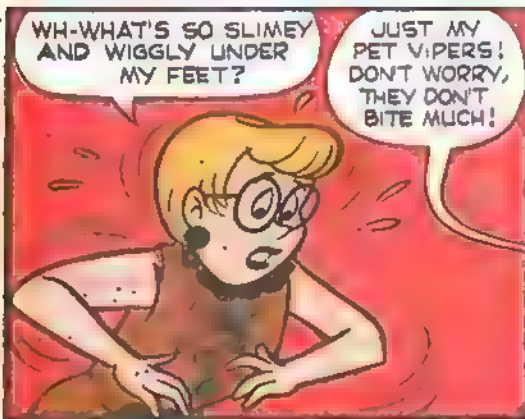
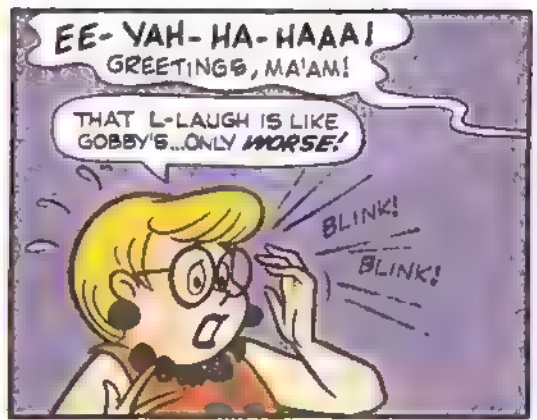


Gobby... I'm sending a note home with you today... as soon as I regain enough strength to write!

YES, MA'AM!









Augie Doggie had a real problem. Doggie Daddy's birthday was tomorrow, and Augie didn't know what gift to get his dad.

Augie figured that Doggie Daddy had all the things he needed. He had a good job, a home, and a loving son! He had clothes enough and plenty of food. And since he did not have any hobbies, Augie knew it would be foolish to buy something for a hobby.

Augie wracked his brain. Finally he decided to make a list of things his daddy just might want. On a tablet he began to write: THINGS MY DEAR DAD MIGHT WANT FOR HIS BIRTHDAY, FOR I HAVE TO GET HIM SOMETHING OR I'LL BE VERY SAD! He tried to think some more, then under the list that did not materialize he wrote: BUT I CAN'T THINK OF A THING, BECAUSE HE DOESN'T HAVE ANY HOBBIES AND HE DOESN'T GO IN FOR SPORTS.

Augie finally gave up; and leaving the tablet on the kitchen table, he went out to play with his friends.

Shortly, Doggie Daddy came home. He saw the birthday list that his son had started. After he read it, Daddy realized that Augie would be sad if he had nothing to give him for his birthday; so he decided to do something about it. He would take up fishing and then Augie could buy a lure, or something like that for a gift.

Daddy hurried down to the sporting goods store to buy a fishing rod; however, he be-

came so entranced with all the equipment, and the salesman was so helpful, that Daddy wound up buying not only a rod, but also a reel, lures, hooks, lines and sinkers.

When he returned home, he said, "Look, O Son of Mine! I've decided to take up fishing as a hobby!"

Augie looked at the mountain of equipment and gulped. "That's nice, Dear Dad. I — I — I guess you have just about everything you need there!"

Poor Augie! His problem of what to get his dad for a birthday gift was still unsolved. What could he get to go with all that fancy equipment?

Doggie Daddy was still so interested in his fishing gear that he quite forgot all about his son's problem.

"How about us going fishing tomorrow?" he asked. "I can hardly wait to try out this stuff!"

"Okay, Precious Pop!" answered Augie. But thinking to himself he said, "Well, at least Dear Dad will be happy on his birthday, even though I will be sad."

The next morning, bright and early, they went to the river. Dad hurriedly got his rod ready. Then he sat down on the bank.

"Watch out, fish!" he warned. "Here I come!"

Time dragged on, and not one fish took a nibble at Daddy's line. "Shucks," he grumbled. "Somebody must have passed a law to keep fish from biting on fancy lures."

Suddenly, Augie jumped up. He had been sitting very patiently all this time, but a brilliant idea had just struck him.

"Don't stop fishing, Dear Dad!" he said. "I'll be right back," and he ran off.

In a few minutes he returned, carrying a large paper bag.

"Here, Dear Desperate Dad of Mine! Happy birthday!"

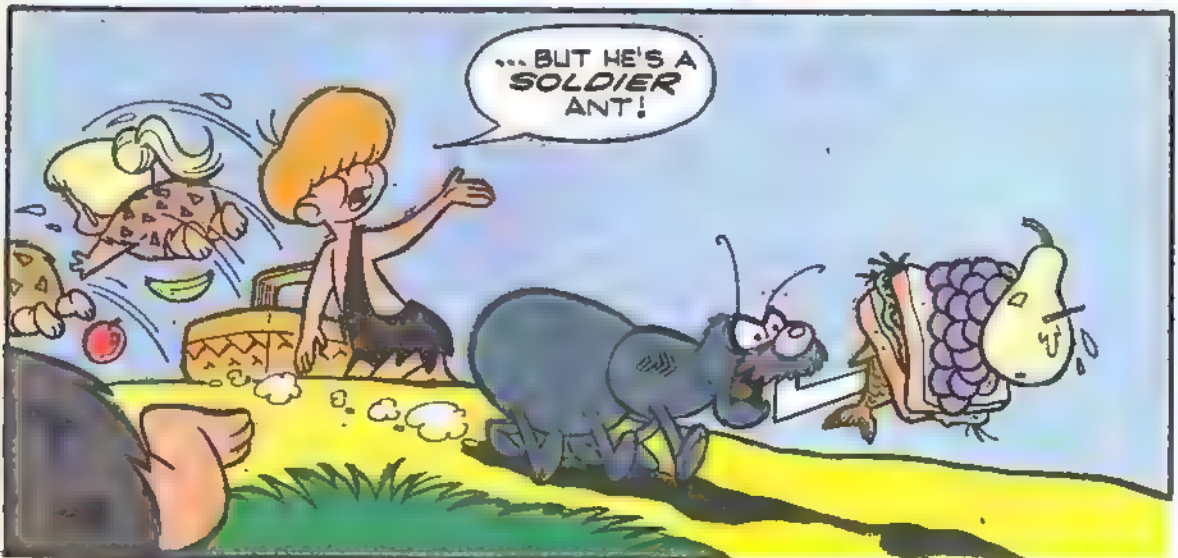
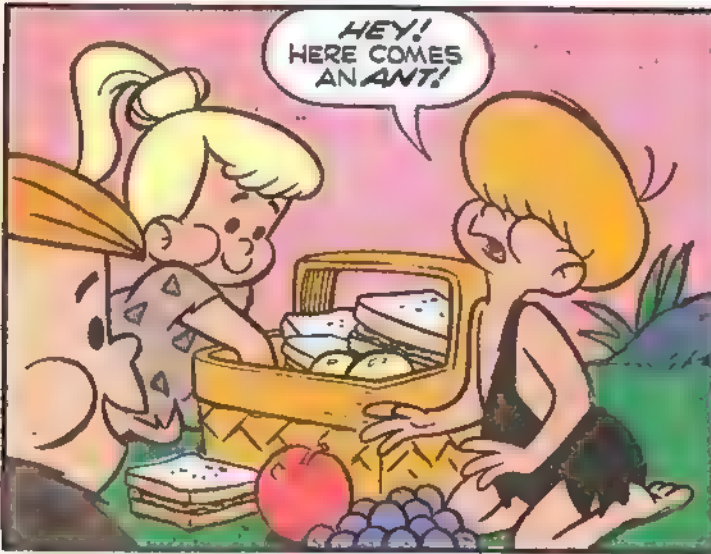
"Thank you, Thoughtful Son," smiled Dad, as he opened the bag and took out a very wiggly worm.

"There, Precious Pop! Put that on your hook and see what you catch."

In a minute, Doggie Daddy reeled in a big fish, and he said, "Dear, Sagacious Son, I couldn't have asked for a nicer or more thoughtful gift. You've made this the best birthday ever!"

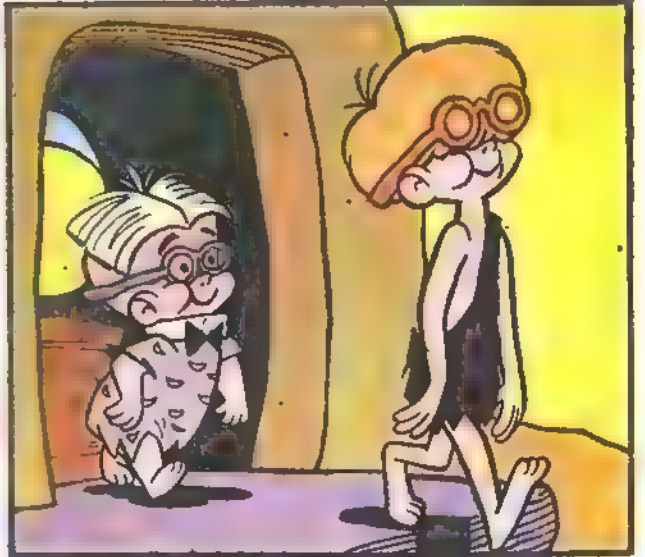
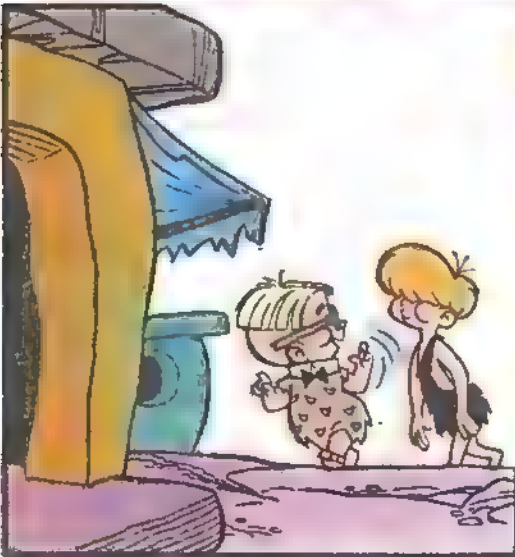
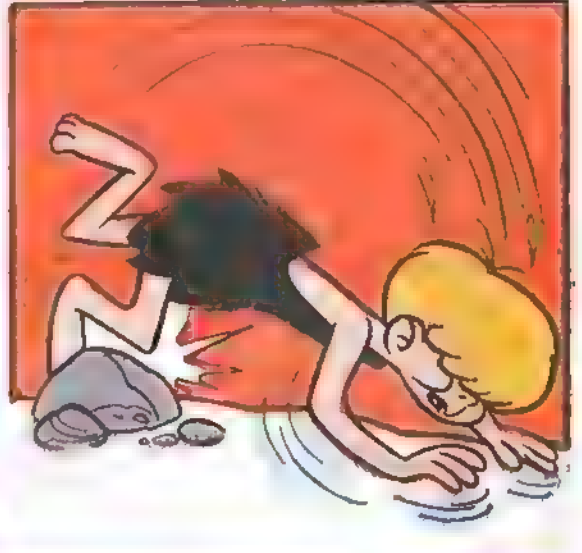
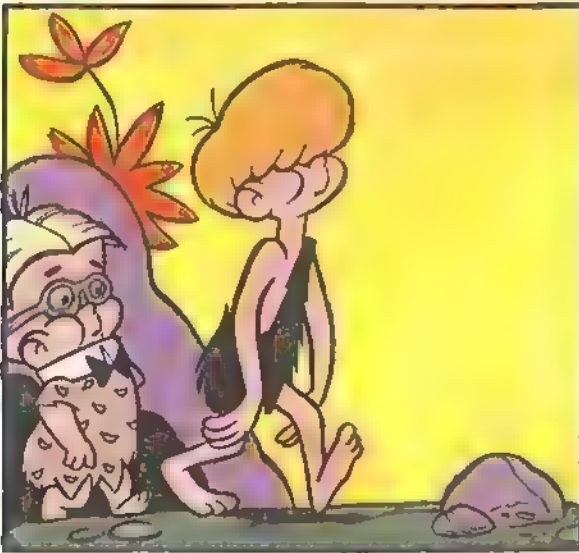
Hanna-Barbera

CAVE KIDS



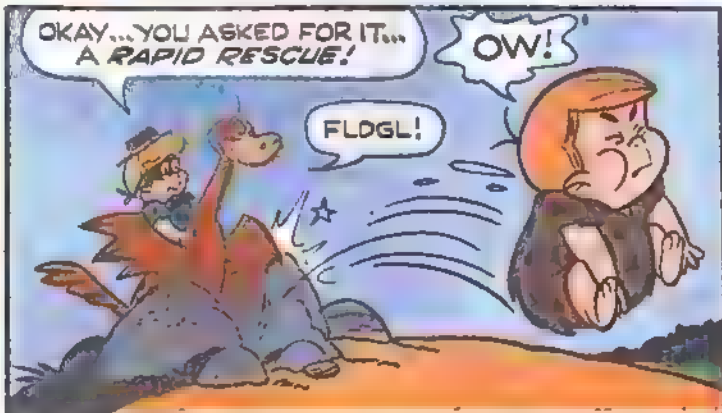
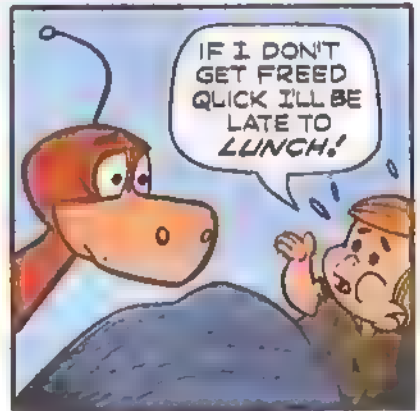
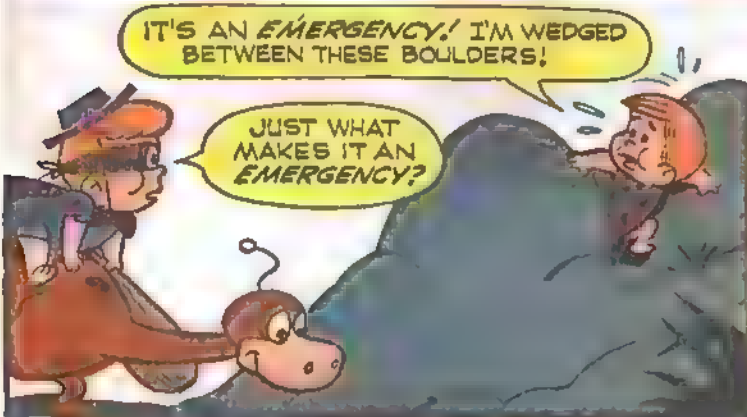
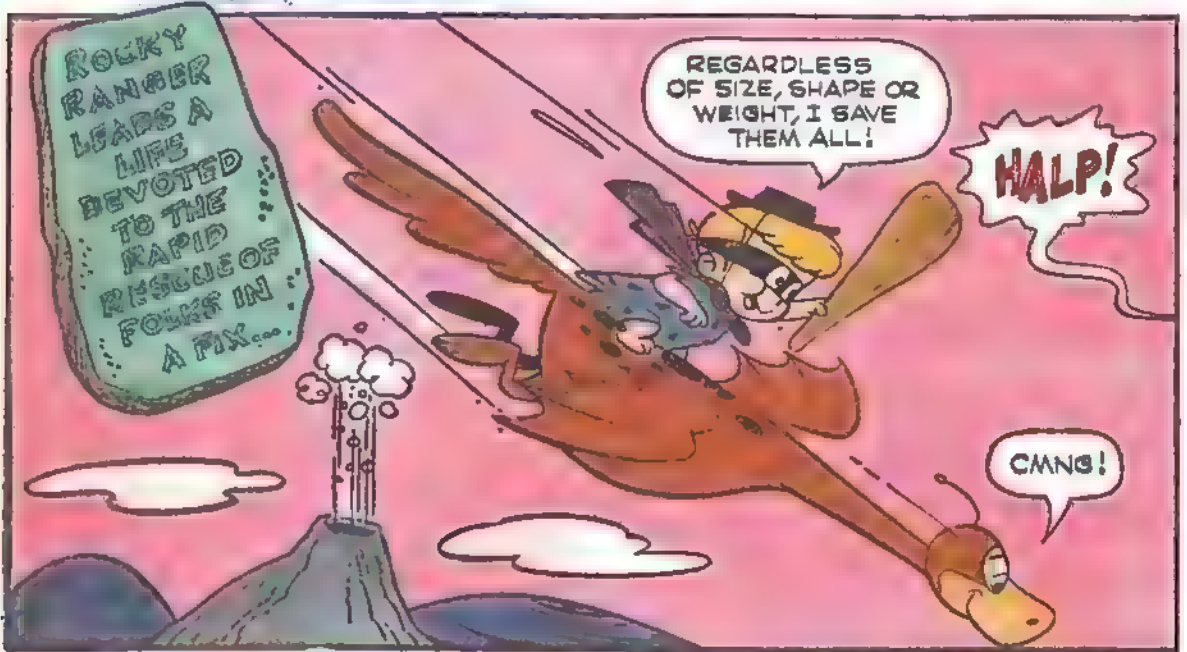
Hanna-Barbera

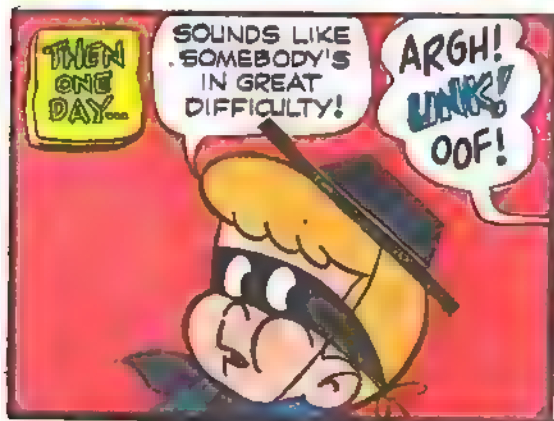
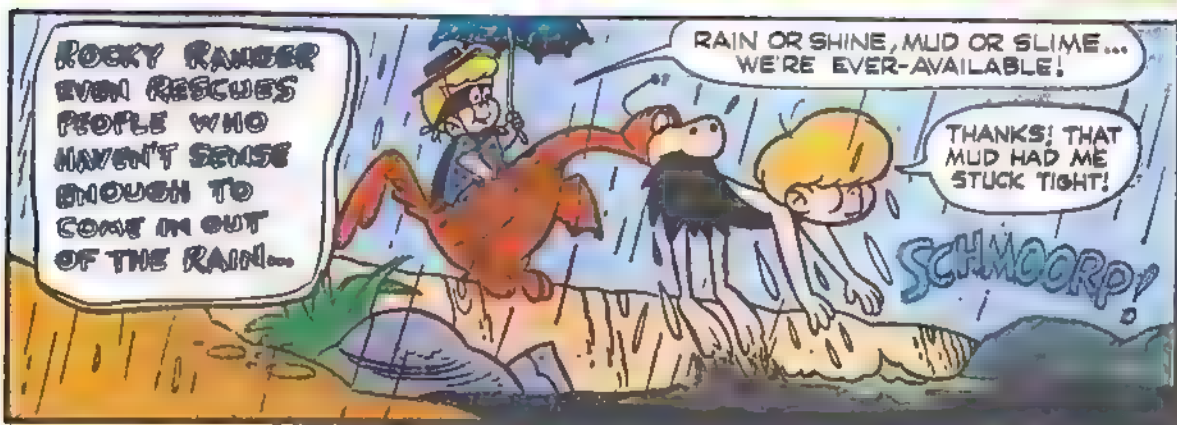
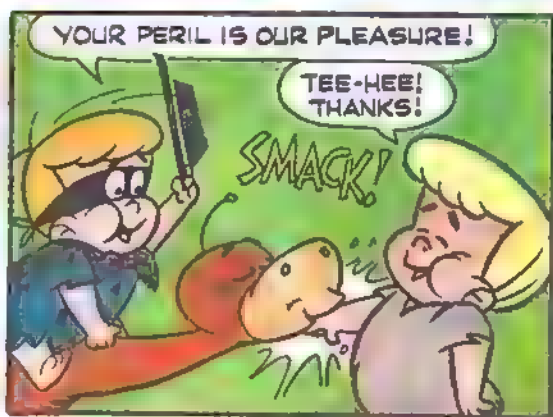
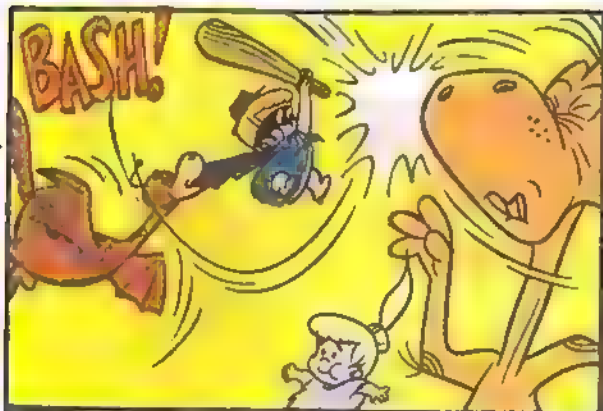
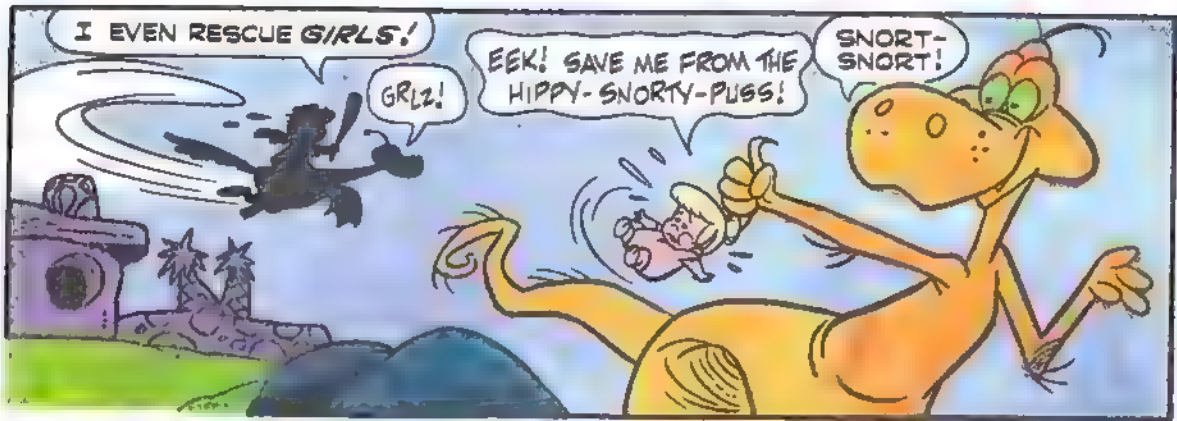
CAVE KIDS

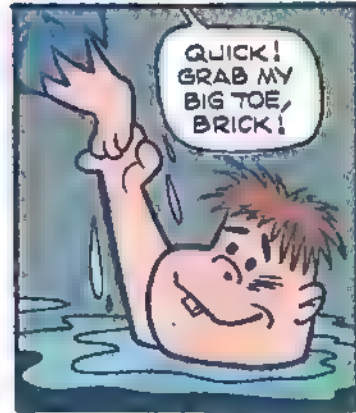
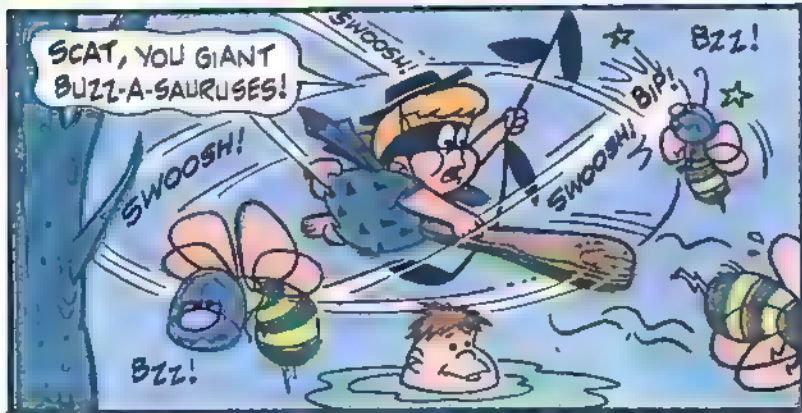
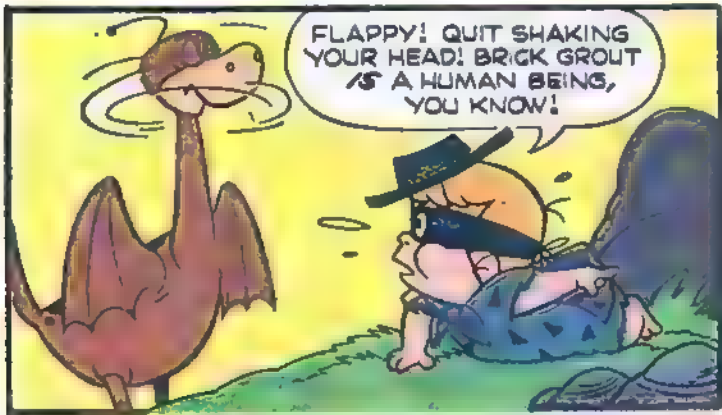
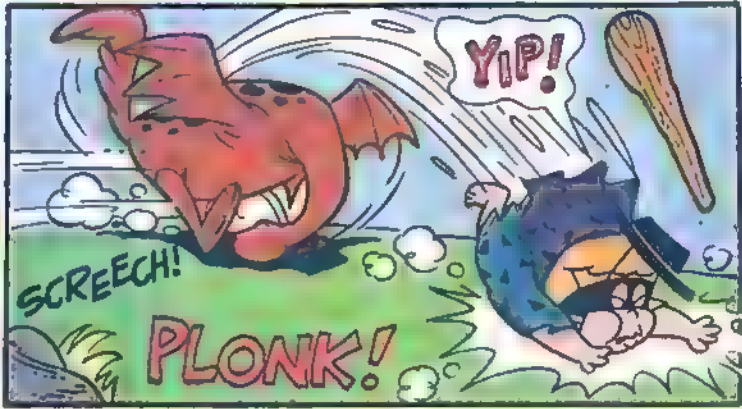
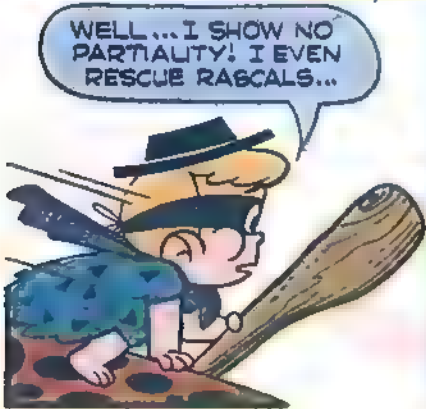


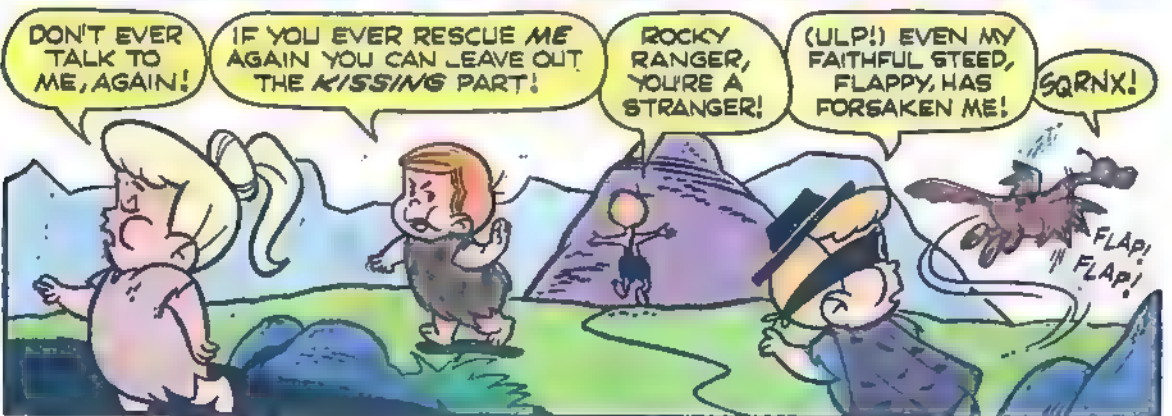
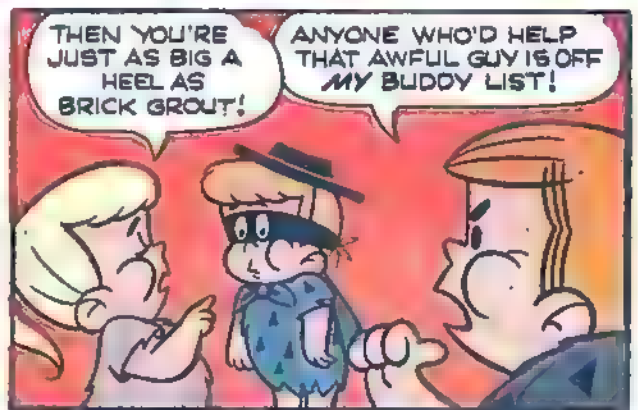
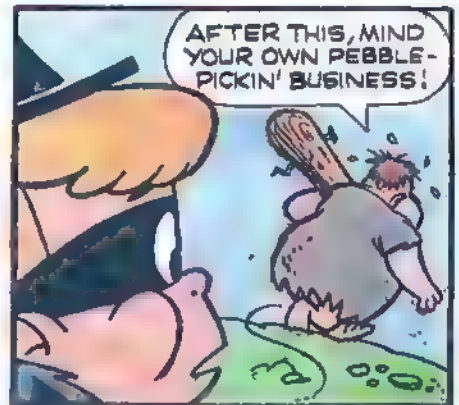
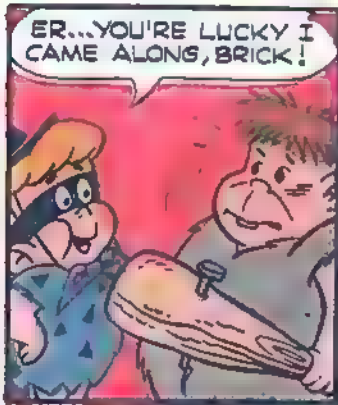
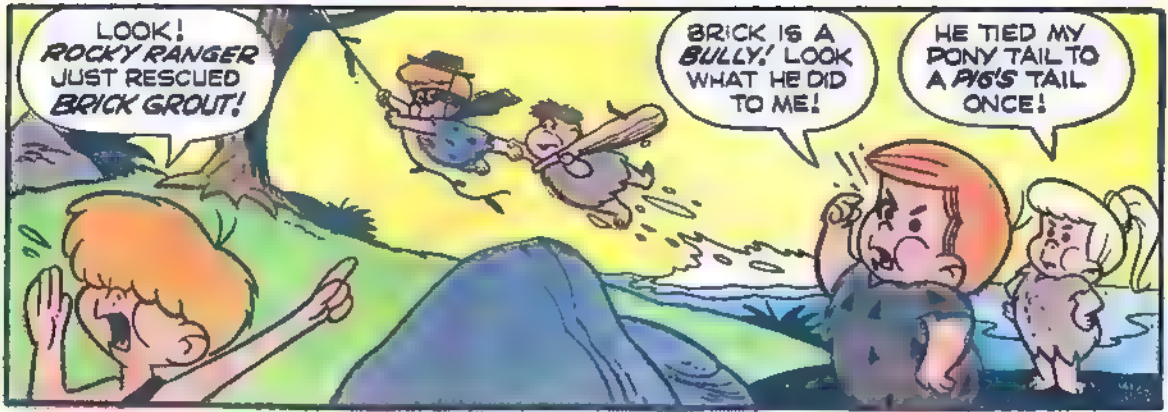


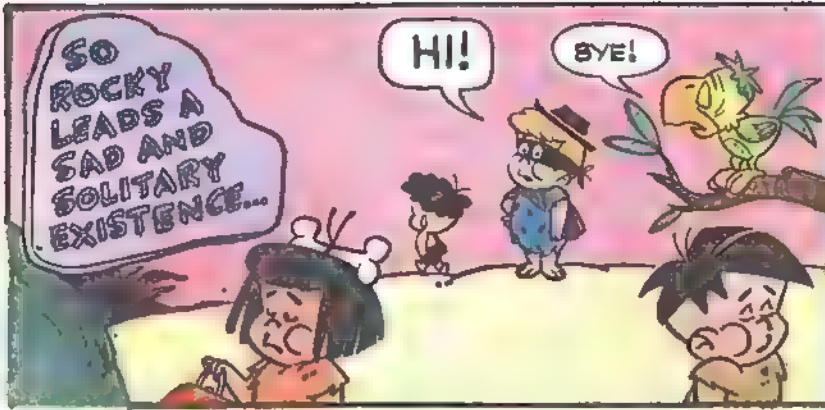
Hanna-Barbara
ROCKY RANGER
DIAL "H" FOR HERO







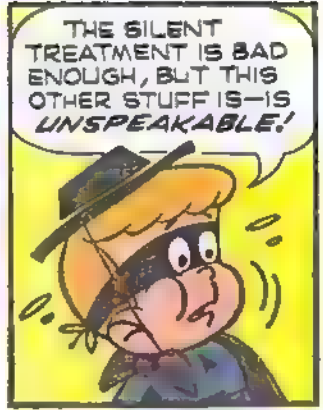




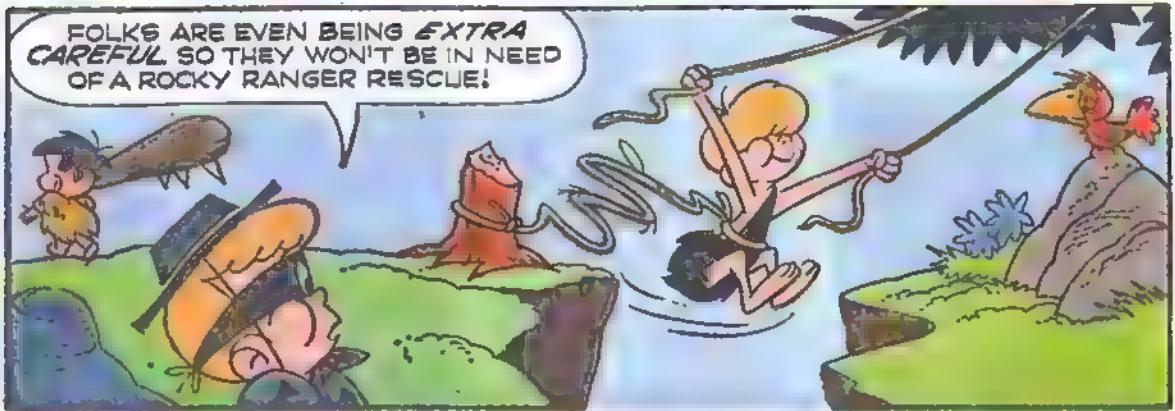
SO ROCKY LEADS A SAD AND SOLITARY EXISTENCE...

HI!

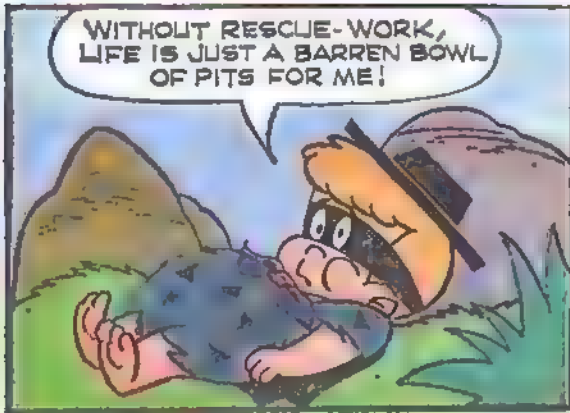
BYE!



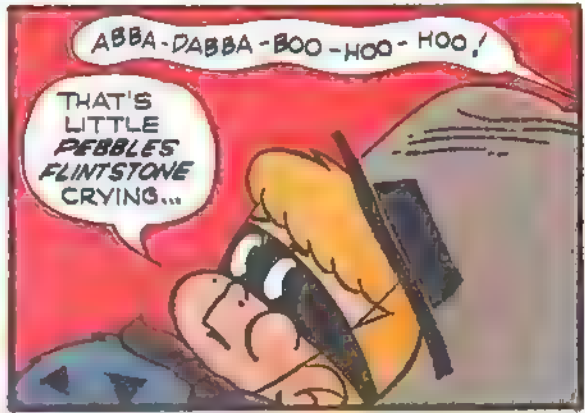
THE SILENT TREATMENT IS BAD ENOUGH, BUT THIS OTHER STUFF IS—IS UNSPEAKABLE!



FOLKS ARE EVEN BEING EXTRA CAREFUL SO THEY WON'T BE IN NEED OF A ROCKY RANGER RESCUE!

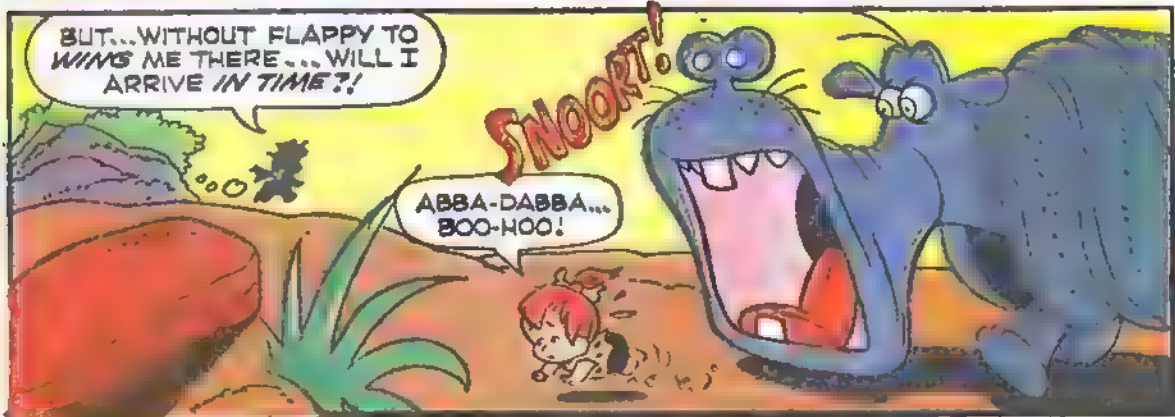


WITHOUT RESCUE-WORK, LIFE IS JUST A BARREN BOWL OF PITS FOR ME!



ABBA-DABBA-BOO-HOO-HOO!

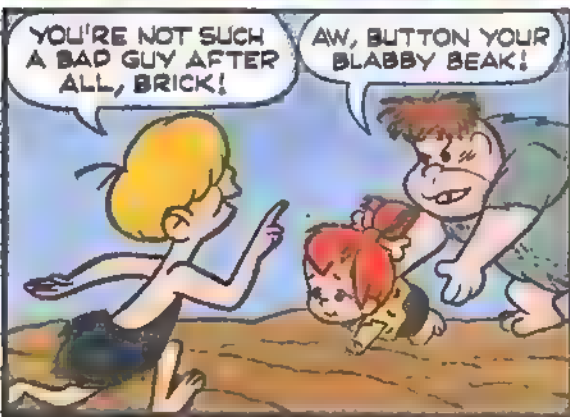
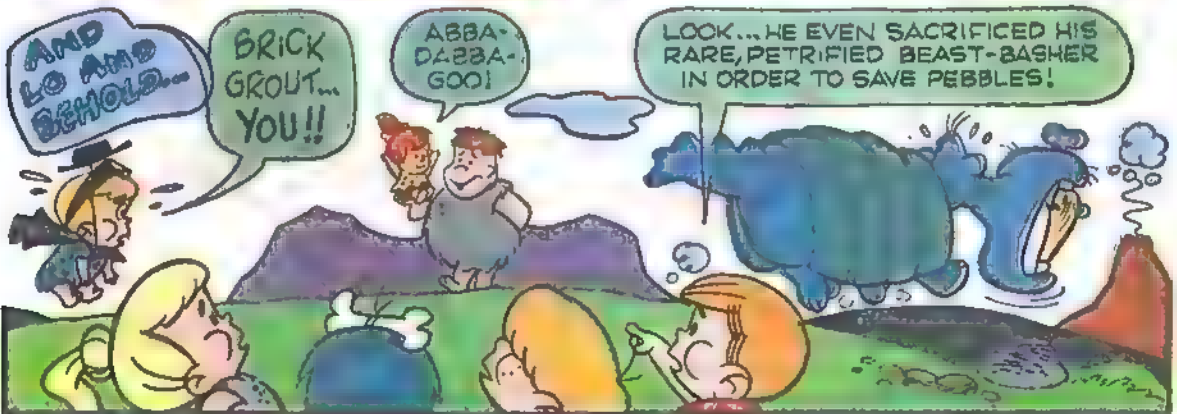
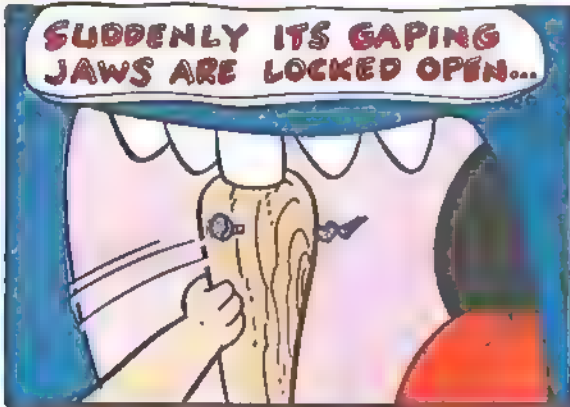
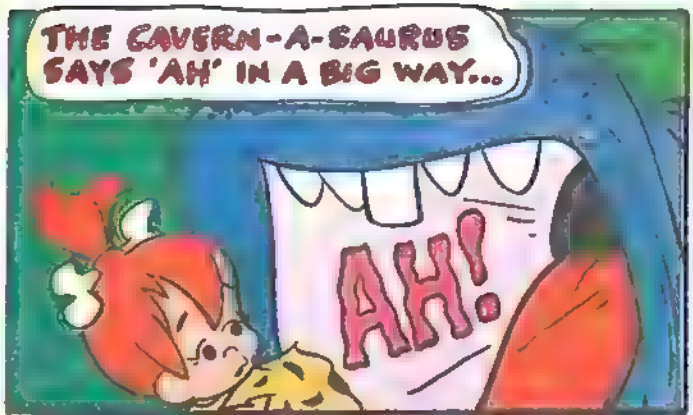
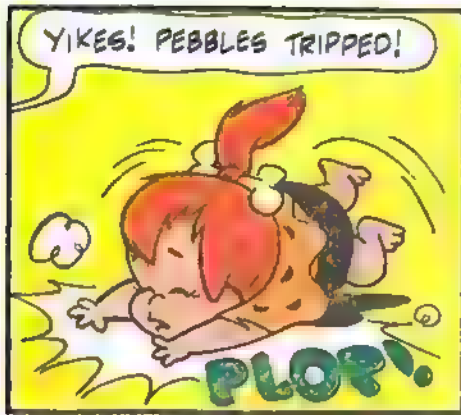
THAT'S LITTLE PEBBLES FLINTSTONE CRYING...

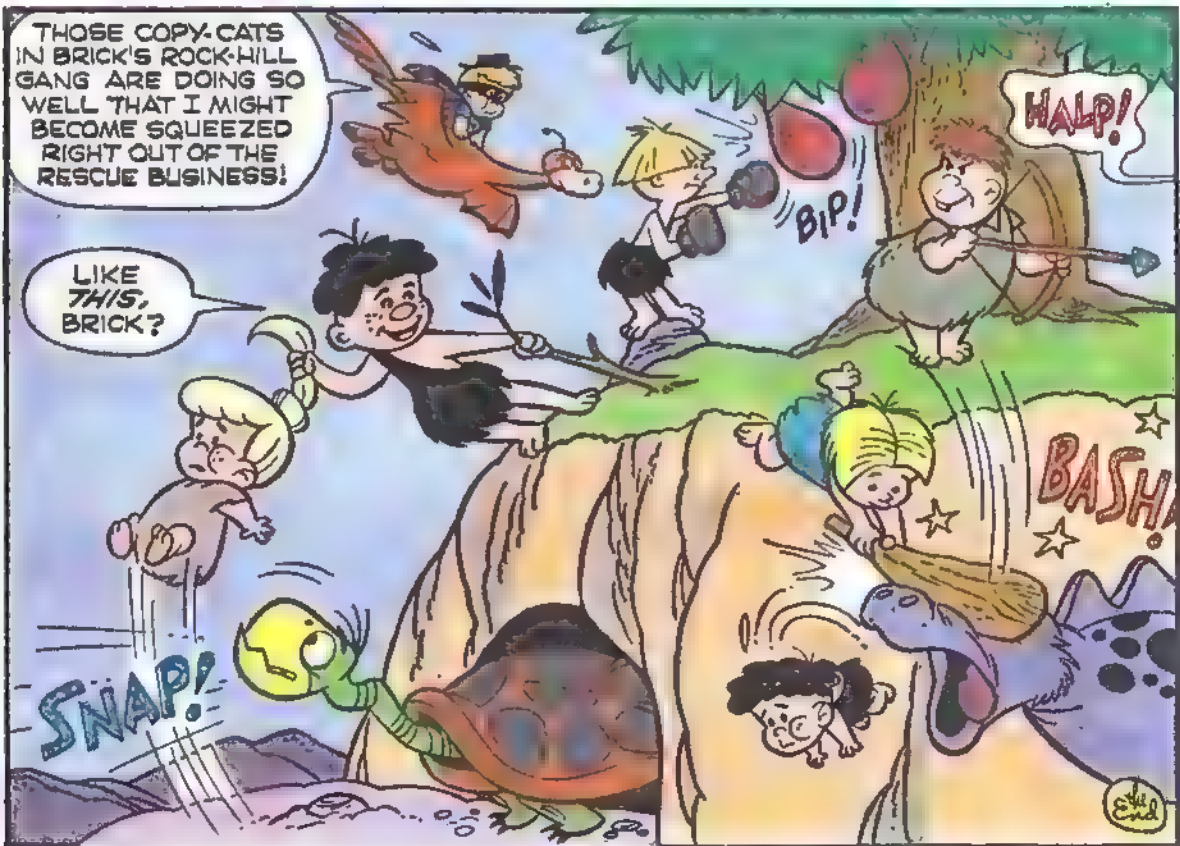
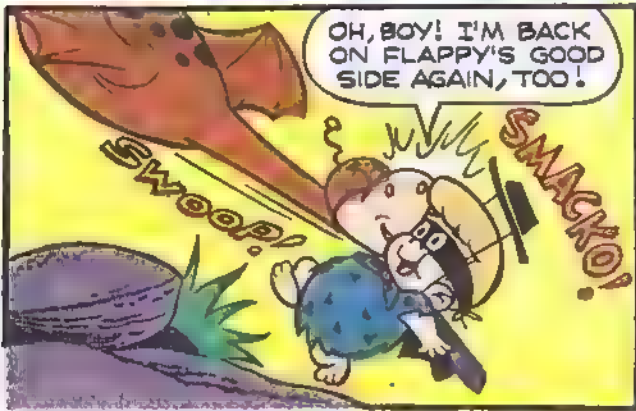
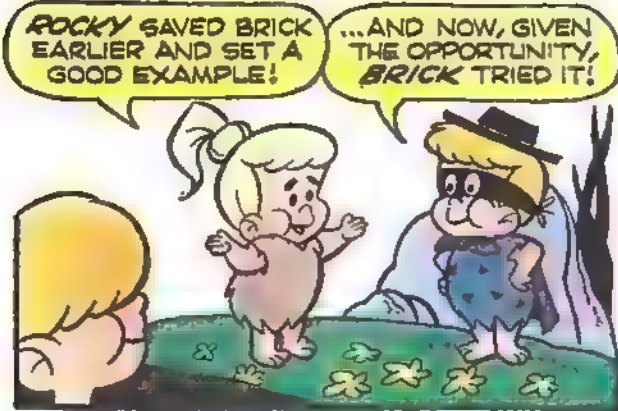


BUT...WITHOUT FLAPPY TO WINGS ME THERE... WILL I ARRIVE IN TIME?!

SNOORT!

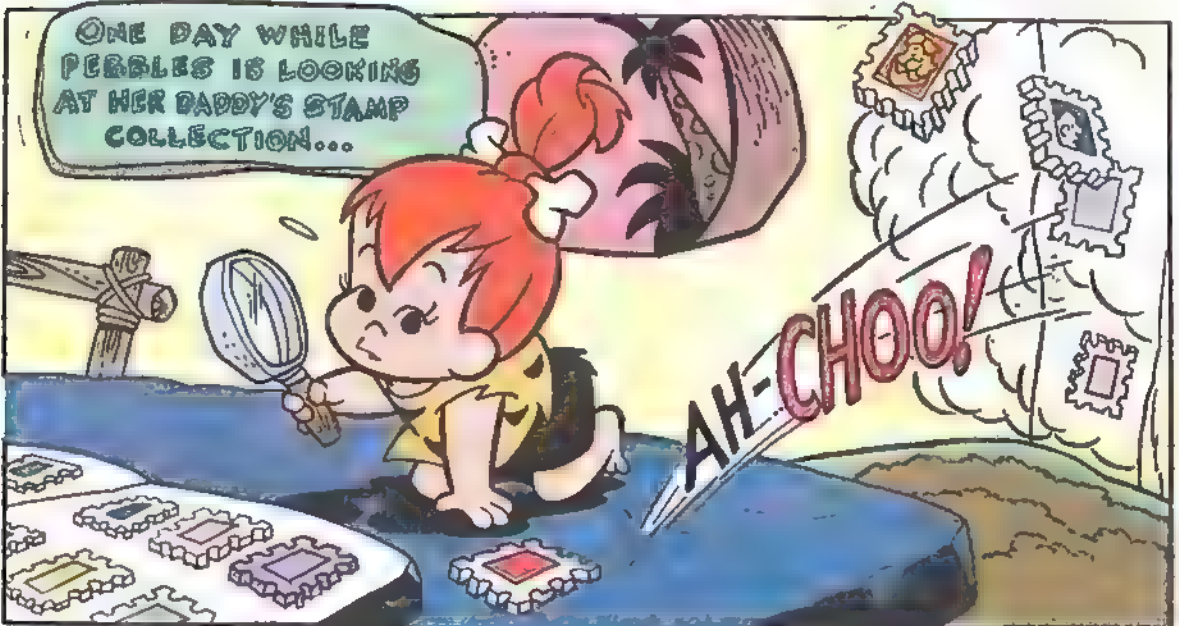
ABBA-DABBA... BOO-HOO!





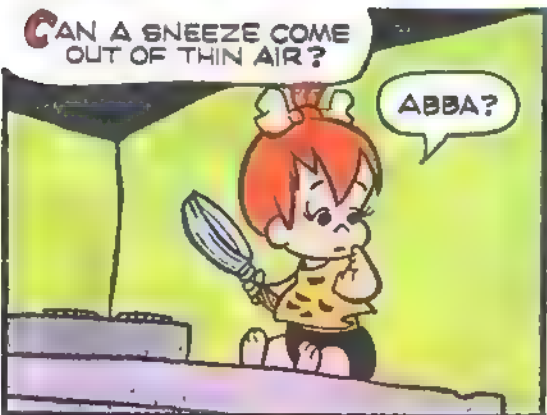


Hanna-Barbara
**PEBBLES and BAMB-BAMB
MIGHTY MITE**



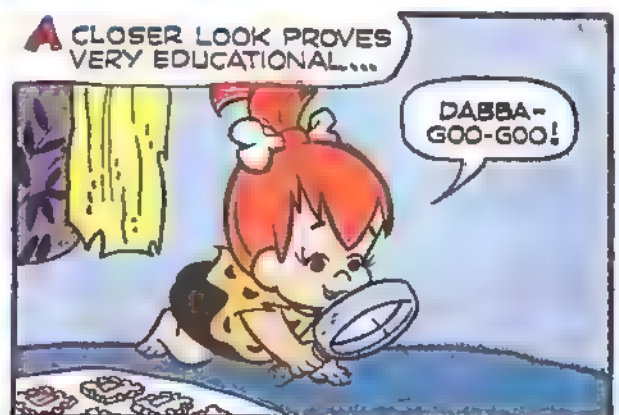
ONE DAY WHILE
PEBBLES IS LOOKING
AT HER DADDY'S STAMP
COLLECTION...

AH-CHOO!



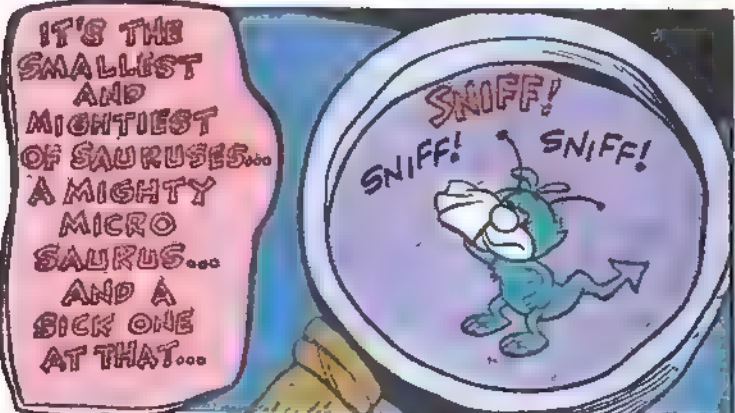
CAN A SNEEZE COME
OUT OF THIN AIR?

ABBA?



A CLOSER LOOK PROVES
VERY EDUCATIONAL...

DABBA-
GOO-GOO!



IT'S THE
SMALLEST
AND
MIGHTIEST
OF SAURUSES...
A MIGHTY
MICRO
SAURUS...
AND A
SICK ONE
AT THAT...

SNIFF!
SNIFF! SNIFF!

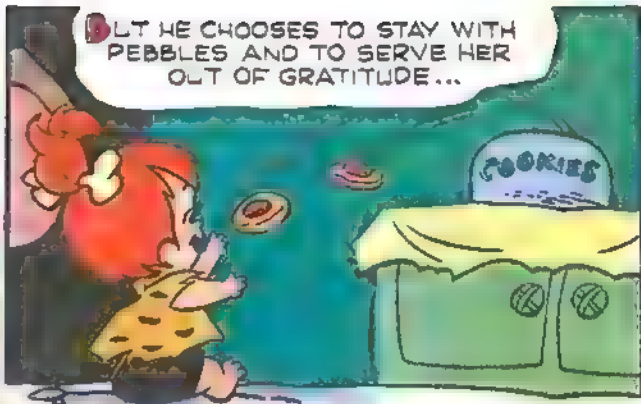


AND SO, PEBBLES PUTS IT
TO BED IN HER NICE WARM
POCKET WHERE IT STARTS
RECUPERATING!

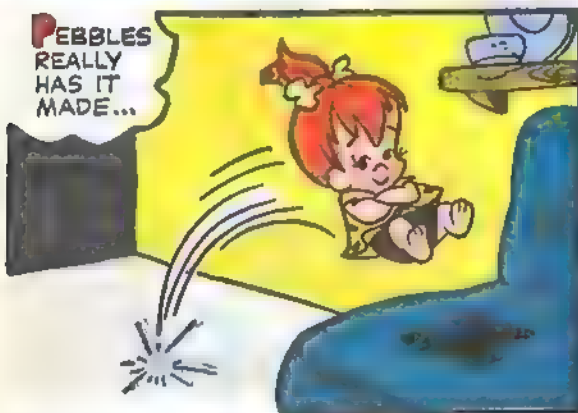
BY AND BY "MITEY" ATTAINS FULL STRENGTH AND IS WELL ENOUGH TO BE ON HIS OWN...



BUT HE CHOOSES TO STAY WITH PEBBLES AND TO SERVE HER OUT OF GRATITUDE...

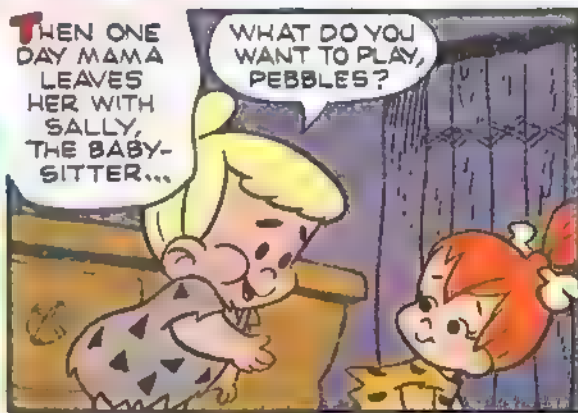


PEBBLES REALLY HAS IT MADE...



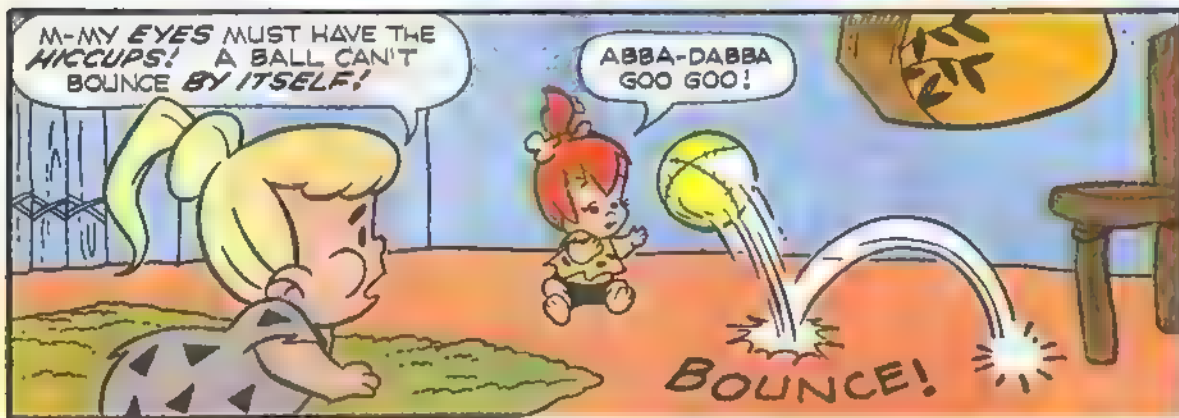
THEN ONE DAY MAMA LEAVES HER WITH SALLY, THE BABY-SITTER...

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO PLAY, PEBBLES?

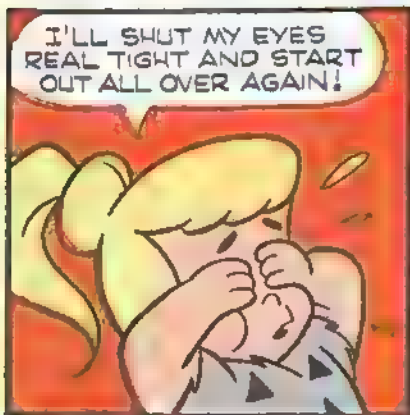


M-MY EYES MUST HAVE THE HICCUPS! A BALL CAN'T BOUNCE BY ITSELF!

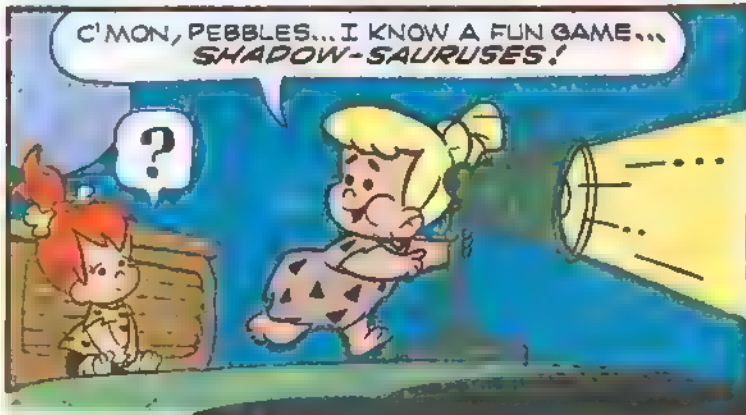
ABBA-DABBA GOO GOO!

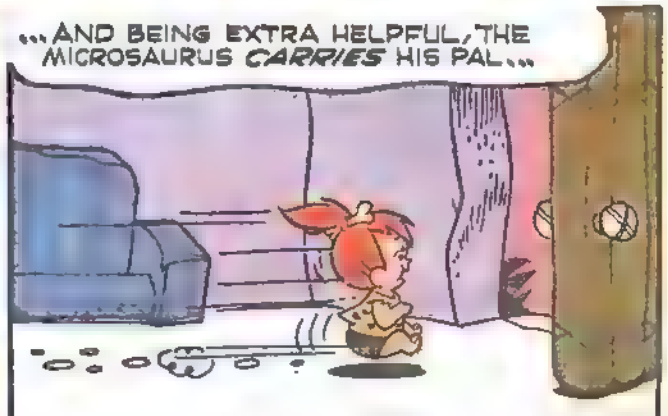
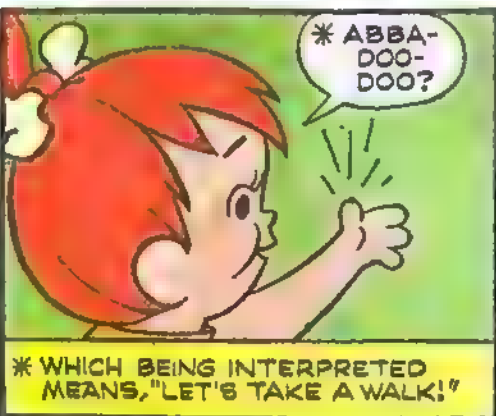
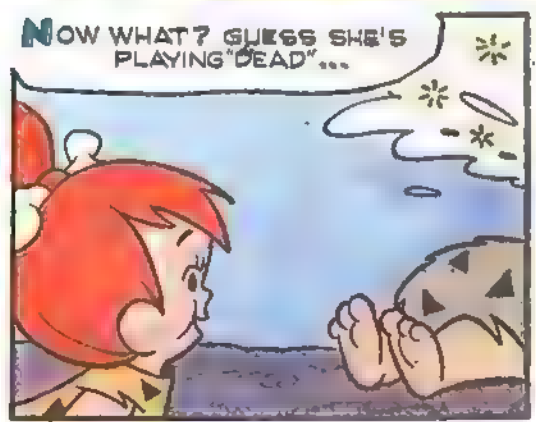
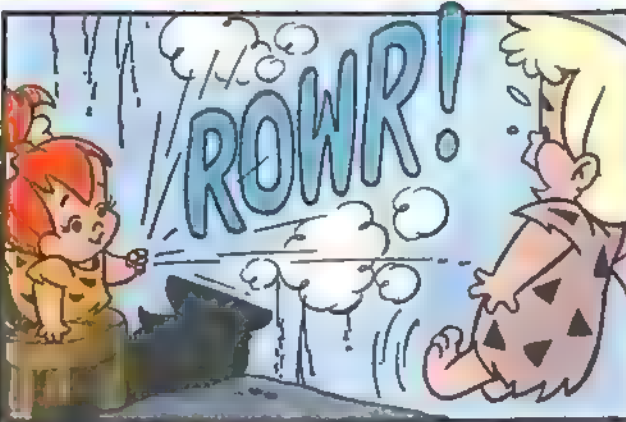
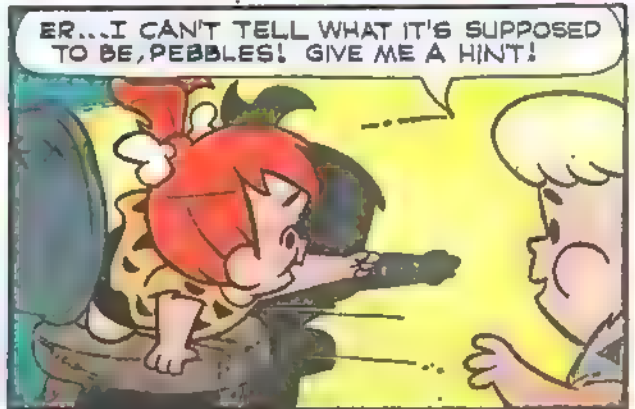
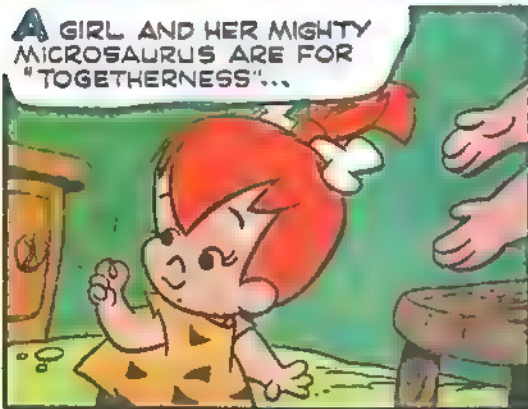
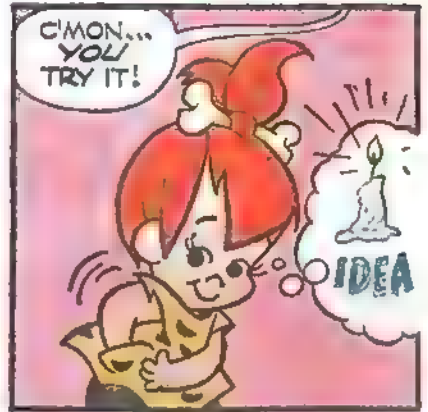
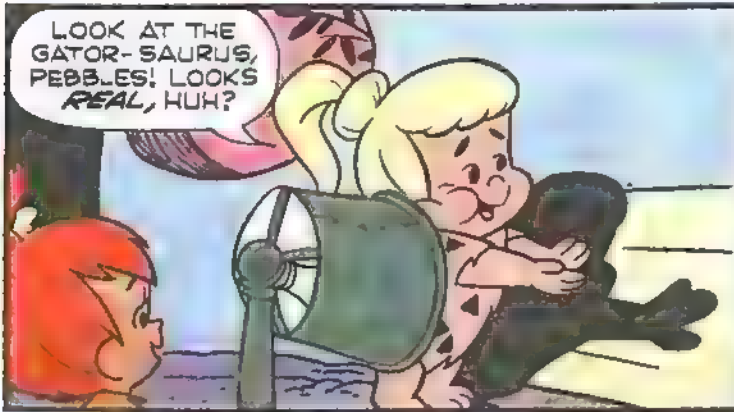


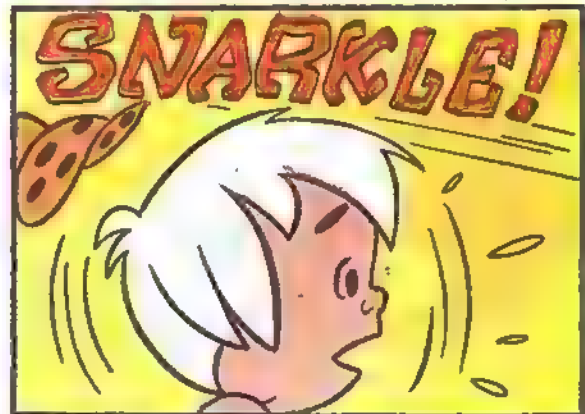
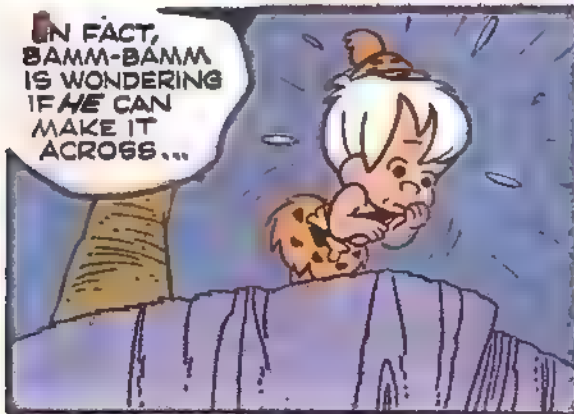
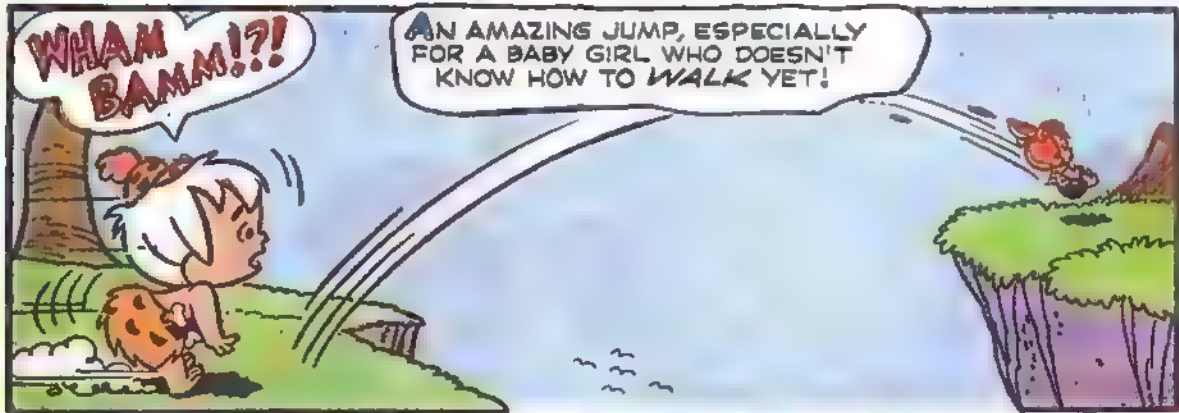
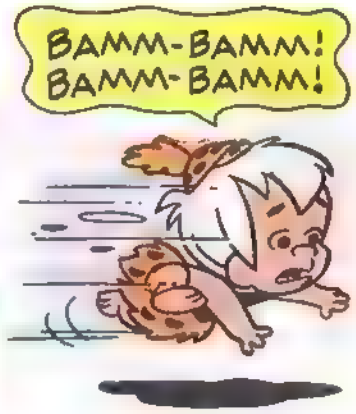
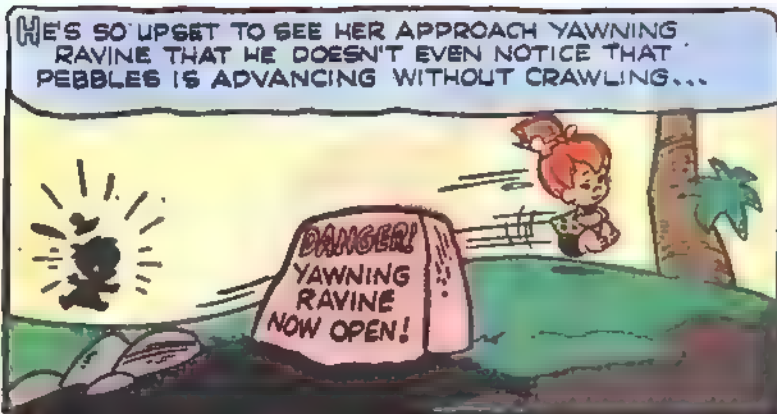
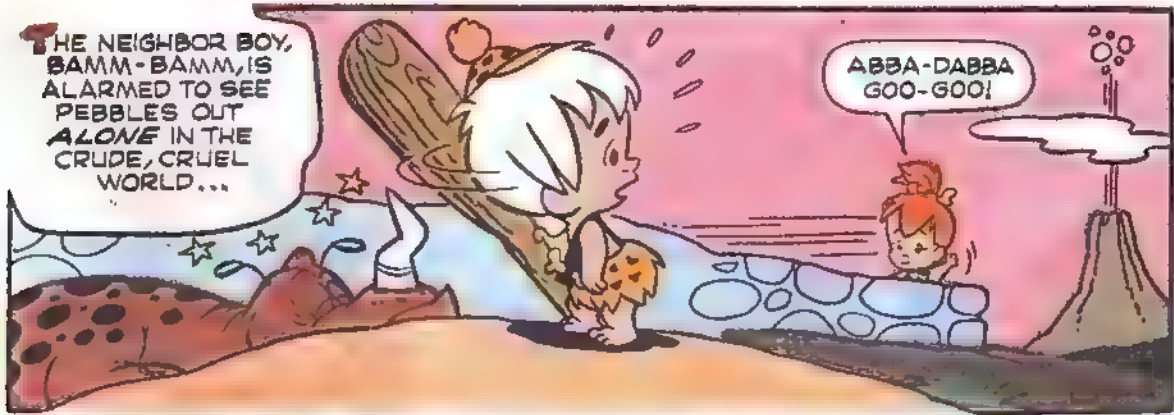
I'LL SHUT MY EYES REAL TIGHT AND START OUT ALL OVER AGAIN!



C'MON, PEBBLES... I KNOW A FUN GAME... SHADOW-SAURUSES!







A TERRIBLE TRUNK-A-SAURUS IS HOVERING OVER PEBBLES, READY TO SQUEEZE HER WITH HIS FRONT-TRUNK...

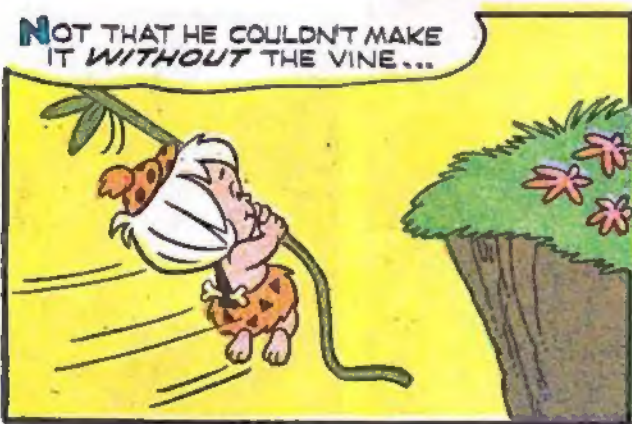
SNARKLE!



BETTER TO PLAY IT SAFE...



...AND SWING ACROSS!



NOT THAT HE COULDN'T MAKE IT *WITHOUT* THE VINE...



ULP!

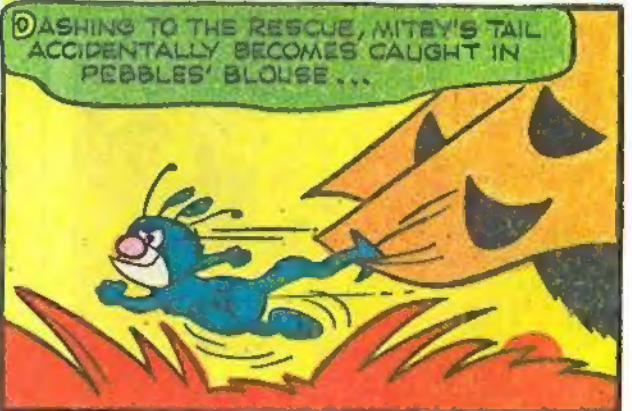


...AND NOT ENOUGH ZING TO MAKE THE RETURN TRIP, EITHER...



SQUEEUNK!

WHAT'S GOING TO BECOME OF POOR PEBBLES?...





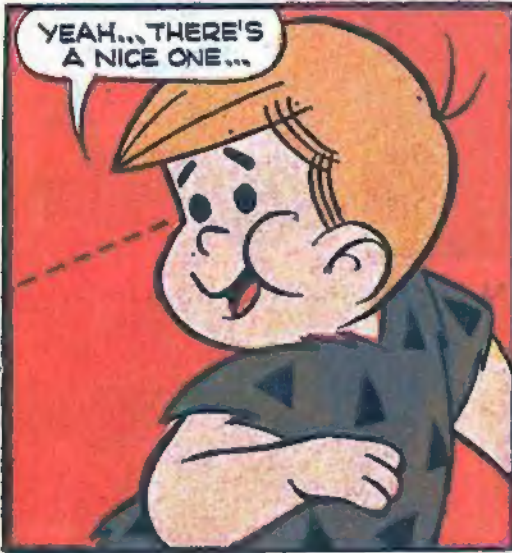
Hanna-Barbara

CAVE KIDS

GRAB A STICK AND ROAST YOUR WEINER ON IT OVER THE VOLCANO, KIDS!



YEAH... THERE'S A NICE ONE...



BEEP! MAKE ROOM FOR ME, KIDS!

